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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1923

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The Logos and Meditation

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

THE passage from which this beautiful word picture is taken might well serve to illustrate the whole theory and practice of Meditation, in its three stages: observation, understanding, embodiment.

The word rendered "consider" is more emphatic in Greek; it means "study intently, observe accurately." The parallel passage in Luke uses another word, but with the same emphatic meaning: to fix the powers of observation intently and accurately on the thing observed.

Neither the translation we have quoted, from the Sermon on the Mount, nor the rendering of the passage in Luke, does full justice to the accuracy of the Master's observation. The Greek of Luke says, of the lilies: "they spin not, they weave not"; the two processes, spinning the thread with a spindle, and weaving warp and woof together on a loom, which go to the making of the piece of cloth to be made into raiment. The accepted translation gives only a part of the picture in the Master's mind; he was thinking, not of toil in general, but of the particular toil involved in the making of raiment: spinning and weaving.

In another passage, which follows shortly after the mage of the lilies, in the Sermon on the Mount, the translators use a word which somewhat blurs the clear outline of the Master's picture, and thereby obscures a point of high interest. They translate:

"Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye."

The word "mote" calls up no clear image in the mind, unless it be the mote in the sunbeam. But the Greek word means, among other things, a chip cut

by a carpenter, hewing a beam into shape with an axe. The thought in the Master's mind would seem to be this:

"Why beholdest thou the chip that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the plank that is in thine own eye?"

The simile may come from the workshop of the Carpenter of Nazareth. Thus rendered, it is far more vivid; it has also an element of keen humour, of which something will presently be said.

Yet another word regarding the lilies might be more vividly rendered. The Master asked his disciples intently to observe the lilies of the field, "how they grow." The Greek word means, "how they increase," growing in height, in strength, in beauty. The lily sends forth the stem, unfolds the leaves, forms the buds, opens the flowers. It is a picture not static but dynamic, a picture of evolving life.

And it is worth noting that, when the Master speaks of plants and trees, he speaks also of their growth, in this sense of increase. He sees the fruit tree, not simply standing in an orchard, but bearing fruit; the branch of the vine likewise bringing forth fruit; the wheat sown on good ground, springing up and bringing forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold; the seed springing up and growing, the sower knoweth not how; the earth bringing forth fruit, first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear; the fig tree, when the branch is yet tender, putting forth leaves, foretelling the coming of summer.

Always the same intent, accurate observation; and always the vivid sense of growing, increasing life. The Master sees not only the lily, the wheat, the vine; he sees also the life, the divine, creative Spirit, the breath of the Father, moving in the lily, the wheat, the branch of the vine.

If space allowed, it would be profoundly interesting to illustrate in detail the Master's keen, intent observation of the life about him in all its aspects; not only the growth of plants and flowers and trees, but the birds of the air, the hen with her chickens, the sparrow; the raven and the eagle, seen, perhaps, when the Master ascended the mountains; household episodes, a woman sweeping, the mending of a torn garment, the kneading of dough; then pictures of life in small towns, children playing gay or tragic games, men standing in the market place waiting to be hired, others giving alms ostentatiously; scenes in the country, the ploughing of fields, the sowing of wheat, the fields white for the harvest, the reaper with his sickle; shepherds tending their sheep upon the hills; a red and lowering sky, portending foul weather, the cloud rising from the West, from the Mediterranean, bringing a shower, the South wind, from the Arabian desert, bringing heat. So complete, so many sided, so accurate is his observation, that it is almost possible to see the face of the land and its people with the Master's eyes.

This is the intent, accurate observation which is the first stage of Meditation, the right use of the first power of the Logos. In the *Yoga Sutras* of Patanjali, it is called Dharana: "the binding of the perceiving consciousness to a certain region." Patanjali adds: "When the perceiving consciousness is wholly

given to illuminating the essential meaning of the object contemplated, and is freed from the sense of separateness and personality, this is Meditation (Samadhi)."

Intently noting the life about him, the lily, the raven, the reaper, the men praying in the temple, the Master brought what he had so accurately observed to the inner, spiritual consciousness, the divine Light of the Logos, in order "to illuminate the essential meaning of the object contemplated."

He saw the lily, the reaper, the men praying, first as they appeared to the natural vision, keen, alert, perfectly focussed. He then directed upon their images the divine vision, the highest spiritual Consciousness, to see their essential meaning as it appears to the eyes of the Father.

The attitude of the Master's mind and heart, in this regard, are best revealed in his words, recorded by the beloved disciple:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever the Father doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth."

If the soul, seeking light in Meditation, will reverently and faithfully lift the object of Meditation toward the divine Light of the Logos, that Light will illumine it, revealing its essential meaning, because the Light is kindled by divine Love.

When the disciple, in faith and love and obedience, in his heart brings his problem to the Master, the Master so strengthens the spiritual light of the disciple that the disciple can find the solution of his problem; not yet fully, not completely; he cannot yet see the lily as the Master sees it, as God sees it; but he can, if he have faith and love and obedience, see enough for his next step. And that is all he needs, in order to obey.

Let us go back over some of the ground we have traversed, with the endeavour to see how the Master perceived "the essential meaning of the object contemplated"; how he discerned the real values of things, the values they have in the eyes of the Father.

He was able thus to see eye to eye with the Father, because he gave himself up to the Father's will, completely, without reservation, in devoted, ardent love, saying, "not my will, but thine, be done."

He saw the lily of the field sending forth stem and leaf and bud and blossom; though neither spinning nor weaving, yet clothed more perfectly in beauty than Solomon in all his glory. And he saw the essential meaning of the lily: the divine Life, the infinite, creative Spirit, the power of the Father, flowing into the lily, penetrating it to the tip of every leaf and petal; and the lily clad in perfect beauty, because of this divine, inflowing Life.

That, in itself, would have been a complete perception, a Meditation which had attained its end. He had perceived the essential meaning of the lily's beauty: the indwelling Life of the Father. The poet who truly perceives and truly meditates, goes thus far.

But the Master, though he finds joy, and deep joy, in the beauty of the lily,

thus seeing in it the revelation of the Father's love, is yet preoccupied with another purpose. He speaks of the beauty of the lily, only as a means to his real end.

This real purpose is, to reveal the love of the Father to the hearts of the men he is talking to; to the hearts of his disciples, and, through them, to the hearts of all mankind, to whom he sends his disciples, to carry this message. The mission of the disciples is, to bring the hearts of men to the Master, that he in turn may bring these weary hearts to the Father, establishing in them the Father's joy, the Father's kingdom.

And because he sees these hearts, weary and heavy laden, sorely anxious for the morrow, sorely anxious regarding food and raiment, he makes available for them what he has observed, and what he has inwardly understood, regarding the life of the lilies and the ravens.

The ravens neither sow nor reap, they have neither storehouse nor barn; and the Father feedeth them. The lilies of the field, the wild lilies, increase in their beauty; they spin not, they weave not, yet Solomon in all his glory was not so arrayed.

As the lilies, resting on the earth, receive and are penetrated by the flowing life of the Father, whereby they increase, and form buds, and blossom in beauty, so should we receive the flowing love of the Father in our hearts, that our joy may be filled; that we may enter into the joy of the Father, the joy of a life, infinite and eternal. And the purpose of the Master, in putting the lily before his disciples, is to make the lily reveal the Father's love within their hearts. This is always his purpose: he reveals to his disciples, to the multitudes, to us, the form and loveliness of his own life, that he may thereby reveal to us the love of the Father.

To come back to the other picture we began with, the chip and the plank, an impression drawn from the carpenter's shop in Nazareth.

In this picture, there is keen, precise observation, but there is also humour. We read and hear his words with a feeling of reverence, because of which, perhaps, this element of humour escapes us. But we ought to seek his purpose in using just this image. That a carpenter, hewing a log of wood into the regularity of a beam, might get a flying chip in his eye, would be quite natural. But how could he get the whole log in his eye?

Is it not clear that the Master is using the expedient of wild exaggeration for a purpose: to rivet the attention of his hearers on the image; to give them a picture, unforgettable just because it is supremely ludicrous? The picture of a man walking about with a log in his eye, and not knowing it, has, in fact, the element of the ridiculous in an almost infinite degree. Once the mind sees it, it can never be forgotten.

Take another image, with exactly the same quality of wild exaggeration: the camel climbing, with only a slight effort, through the eye of a needle; the camel being chosen, rather than a horse or an ox, just because of the humped, clumsy awkwardness which makes it standing matter of comedy, the last animal that can be imagined performing a difficult acrobatic feat with ease and

grace. Had the Master spoken of a camel jumping through a hoop, we should already have had a humorous, ridiculous image; but the effect is heightened almost to an infinite degree, by substituting for the hoop the eye of a needle. Mentally form the picture, and it is startling in its ludicrousness.

The purpose is once more, to fix on the memory of his audience an image unforgettable because it is so supremely ludicrous. And he wishes thus to fix the picture on their memories, in order that they may never forget the message which he ties up with the image.

To go back to the chip and the plank. The Master is seeking to reveal to his disciples the obstacles which men put in the way of the Father's love; the barriers they build up in themselves against the Father's love, which the Master has come to reveal.

Most potent of these barriers is self-love, the kind of self-love which he calls "hypocrisy"; the quality which concentrates and hardens the false self, the nucleus of egotism, setting it against others, and at the same time setting it against the love and will of the Father.

He has expressed the purpose of his coming in these words:

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

What more insuperable barrier to that "perfecting into one" than the harsh egotism, full of vanity, self-assertion and superiority, which the Master calls hypocrisy?

The use of the word "talent" in the Master's parable, like his use of the tribal name, "Samaritan," has stamped on these words a new meaning, which has attained universal currency. The Greek weight of precious metal has come to mean an intellectual or moral power, solely because of its use in the Master's unforgettable story. The name of a despised tribe has come to mean a man of compassionate heart, for the same reason. The Master has re-minted both words, indelibly stamping his hall-mark on them.

So it is with hypocrite. It now carries for us the meaning gathered from his repeated use of it, to indicate that tendency of the human mind and heart which he found to be the greatest barrier, the most dangerous obstacle, in the way of what he sought to accomplish: the bringing of the hearts of men into oneness with his own heart, in order that he might thereby bring them into oneness with the Father's heart.

Just because of the new currency which he gave to words like talent and Samaritan, we are likely to lose something of their original meaning, as a weight of metal, an unpopular tribe. So it is with the words hypocrite and hypocrisy. It is worth while, therefore, to go back over the history of these words, to follow their original meaning and development.

In Homer, the verb from which they come meant "to reply, to answer."

In Athens, with its passionate love of drama and of the theatre, the word came also to have a more technical meaning, the answer of an actor on the stage; and from this the passage was easy enough to the meaning, "to play a part on the stage," as when Aristotle speaks of an actor "playing the part of the king." From this, the moral application, playing a part, feigning, pretending, in word or deed, was easy.

Perhaps we shall get back something of the word's original vividness, if we take Aristotle's phrase, "playing the part of the king."

Is not that, after all, exactly what vanity does, what egotism does, what the false self within us does incessantly? Because the false self usurps, and plays the part of the king, taking, both in perception and in action, the initiative which rightly belongs to the divine Light of the Logos in us and should rightly flow from the Logos; because of this usurpation, the false self is hardened against the Logos, hardened against other men, children of the Logos, hardened against the Master, against the Father, whom the Master came to reveal.

It was to reveal this situation, to break down this dangerous barrier, that the Master drew that picture with its wild exaggeration: the man walking about with a plank in his eye, and not aware of it; the "hypocrite,"playing the part of the king. The plank in the eye is the false self, hard, aggressive, blinding.

If we are right, then, we may say that all the Master's Meditation, his marvellously keen and vivid observation, his spiritual understanding of the essential meaning of what he observed, seeing it as the Father sees it, the living pictures which he drew, to embody this understanding; all this was devoted to a dual purpose: first, to reveal his own heart as the door to the Father's heart; second, to reveal, and to break down in the hearts of men, the barriers against his love and the Father's love. His Meditation always had this practical end in view; in his own words, he always made it bring forth fruit. He embodied his Meditation in the living images drawn with words.

It is well worth while to consider the way in which he draws these living pictures which bring to us the fruit of his Meditation, and to note something of their perfection of form. We may, perhaps, best gain our insight by comparison. Take a sentence like this, framed by a master in the use of words:

". . . the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill . . ."

There is fresh vividness of observation here, with beauty of form and rhythm. But in translation much of that beauty would evaporate; the dew would dry up. There is too much subtle delicacy in the fine tones of colour in the words, in the lightly balanced stresses which make the rhythm, for transfer to another tongue. The movement of his story, the forms of his persons, his insight into life, remain; but Shakespeare translated is a moral philosopher rather than a poet; all that is most distinctive in his verse vanishes. Shakespeare has entrusted too much of his beauty to the surface, to rhythmic subtlety in the balance of words, the use of the pause, the delicate colouring of an adjective. It would be

almost impossible to carry over into a translation the tone and music of the phrase:

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine . . ."

In his expression of beauty, the Master seems to have gone deeper, to have entrusted less to the surface. He has reached that primal simplicity of beauty which it is almost impossible to miss or to mar, even in a series of translations.

Every word picture of his has passed through two or three translations: from the Aramaic, the speech of Aram, or Palestine, in which he addressed his hearers, through Greek and Latin, to our modern tongues. Yet the beauty remains untarnished, undiminished. It would be wellnigh impossible to mar, even after repeated translation and retranslation, the simplicity of "Consider the lilies."

Exactly the same thing is true of such a sentence as this:

"Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

Æsop has built a volume of fables on the comparison of human beings with animals, the perception of the traits of this or another beast or bird in human beings. The Master, using exactly the same method, has accomplished more in this single sentence of only twenty-two words; and it would be almost impossible to mar it in translation.

We might well, if space allowed, note some of the means by which this atomic conciseness has been reached, a unity of form so perfect, that centuries have not been able to break off any of the parts; but one or two indications must suffice.

To begin with, the Master always uses a concrete image. Again as a comparison, take a beautiful piece of verse:

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

This has penetrating beauty. It is in the spirit of "Consider the lilies," and conveys something of the same message. But Wordsworth is abstract, where the Master is concrete. On the one hand, "the meanest flower that blows," on the other hand, "the lilies"; on the one hand "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," to which every reader may give a different meaning, on the other hand, "your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." The Master speaks, not of "some magnificent monarch," but of "Solomon in all his glory." There is always this perfect concreteness. The Master speaks of the "image and superscription" on the Roman coin, the denarius: Cæsar's portrait, Cæsar's name.

Besides this concreteness, there is always precision. We must confine ourselves to a single side of this precision: his use of exact numbers. "There

shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three." "An hundred measures of oil, an hundred measures of wheat." "Ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." "Thou hast authority over ten cities."

We ventured to say, a little while ago, that the Master's coming, his whole life and effort, had a single purpose, with two branches: by pouring his love into our hearts, to bring our hearts to himself, and thereby to the Father; to reveal, in order that with the help of his love we may remove the obstacles in our hearts to that love.

We have here the indication of our own task and purpose, also with two branches: first, to seek in all ways to open our hearts to that love; second, to discover, in order that we may remove, the barriers. Meditation is a means.

We must first observe, then understand, then embody what we have understood. We must observe life, our own lives, the lives of others, all life about us, looking intently, accurately noting. We must then bring what we have observed into the heart within, reverently seeking the Light of the Logos, the Master's light, to illumine the essential meaning of what we have observed; with faith that in time we shall see all life as the Father sees it. "Lighten our darkness." What we come to understand of the essential meaning of life as the Father sees it, we must embody in our lives, making it concrete, precise. In the fulness of time, we shall see all life in the light of the Father's love.

Then the barriers to that love, first in our own hearts. We must look intently; accurately observe. We must seek the essential meaning of what we have observed, always in that Light. What we understand, through the illumination of that Light, we must embody, in love, in will, in act; concrete, precise, as the image of the lilies; in the fulness of time, perhaps with something of their beauty.

The Ark of the Covenant—of the Great Understanding—meant as much to those who sought God in the ancient world as the Cross does to Christendom. It meant that whatever the collapse, national or general, through siege or sack or famine, those who would escape could escape by the simple process of mentally taking refuge in God. The Ark of God would bear them safely when all material help failed.—"THE CONQUEST OF FEAR," BY BASIL KING.

FRAGMENTS

IN the long, long watches of the night, when visions come and the deep prophecies of dream, I saw the mists ride in from a leaden sea, mingled with the heaving and the curling of the waves.

They writhed and turned and melted, now monstrous, now faint. Long grasping fingers clutched out from them and disappeared; wild hair streamed back from eyes that gleamed and darkened; cruel, distorted lips leered menacingly and vanished. Through the crash of the breakers echoed harsh laughter and dying wails. Watching, I turned to stone; but a voice I know whispered close in my ear—Give heed; and I gave close heed.

The winds rose and the waves rose, and the mists rose with them. Slowly, steadily they advanced, increasing in fury. The sands were gone; then the cliffs lowered, even the Rock was hard to see where angry spray hissed, and spat upon it. The darkness deepened and the fury grew.

Steady, the voice whispered again; and again, Steady. What life could live, O God, when all the salt seas rise from the Pit, and bring hell with them!

A rift in the sky! narrow and faint, but behind it a star, and the star grows brighter. Rays reach from the star, reaching farther, then farther, growing more luminous. I follow their light.

One rests on an ancient pile where, through the vast columned vestibule, down its great aisle, past inscrutable sphinxes, it touches the lips and the eyes of a seated colossus, which stirs.

One lights the frieze of a temple where Greece carved her mysteries in lines of Beauty for ever immortal, and the shapes there move in faint rhythm.

One touches the spires that mark where the Kings of a nation were crowned and anointed. From its portals I saw the procession come forth,—come forth with its banners.

The sea and its fury were stilled, the mists sank back with the waters—down, whence they came; and I heard the laughter of children who played in the fields of Paradise.

CAVÉ.

PAST AND FUTURE

ONE of the services rendered by science has been to prove to us that outer things are in reality not in the least what they appear to be. This solid, motionless wooden table that I write on, is in point of fact neither solid nor motionless. It is composed of molecules, in turn composed of atoms, themselves composed of ions separated from one another by relatively immense distances and rotating at incredible speed. The table certainly does not look it, but, perhaps because science does not ask us to do anything about it, we accept the scientific dictum that it is all these wonderful things, without any great difficulty or strain on our credulity. Scientists have also shown that there are colours that we do not see, ultra-violet and infra-red,—how many they do not yet know. Occult tradition says that there are fourteen that may be seen by those who have developed their powers of perception. Lord Avebury, in a series of interesting experiments, proved that ants can see the ultra-violet, and then goes on to speculate as to how the world might appear to eyes that, like the ant's, see this additional colour. As part of the spectrum, it must enter into all other colours. Hence it follows that a change, perhaps a very slight change, in the receptive capacity of our optic nerves, would alter the entire colouring of the world for us. We know the colour a given thing appears to us to be. How it would appear to one whose vision was perfect, we cannot even guess.

The significance of these facts for our present purpose lies in the conclusion to which they force us, that we do not and cannot in truth know what things are, or are like, in themselves. We can only know how they appear to us, and the way they appear to us is inevitably determined by the development or lack of development of our receiving apparatus. Had we the eyes to see atoms and ions, we should see miniature solar systems where now we see stolid, motionless tables. In the circumstances, it is astonishing how hard and rigid are our ideas of the world around us. We assume so habitually that, because we are familiar with a given thing—have seen it and felt it—we know all about it. "Would you have me deny the plain evidence of my senses, my daily experience?" we ask, so often with indignation, when a new idea demands our consideration. Science has no hesitation in denying the evidence of the senses—when it suits it to do so—and, unfortunately, cares nothing for experience unless that experience happens to be capable of reproduction at will by the scientists themselves. Students of Theosophy are too wise to ask anyone to go against his experience—it is and must be the one test of truth—but they do from time to time ask that that experience be re-examined to see whether wrong deductions have not been drawn, and whether a new idea may not prove to be more in accord with it than the old rigid notions we have stored so long in the attics of our minds.

Among the most rigid and also—as we may find to our surprise, if we really take the trouble to examine them—among the most brittle of these dust-covered, long neglected ideas are those dealing with "space" and "time." They must be handled carefully or they will inevitably break as they try to expand. It does not do, for instance, to tell ourselves that space must either go on forever or else stop somewhere, and then ask ourselves to imagine space doing either one or the other, going on for ever or stopping. To be sure, a few questions like that may make us a little less dogmatic about denying the possibility of a fourth dimension of space merely because we cannot imagine it. Or take our ideas of time. Does the future exist? Does the past exist? If so, where? In space, or outside of space? How can they exist in space, and in what part of space? Surely not in three-dimensional space—in space as we know it. Can anything exist and not exist in space? How can there be an "outside of space"? Let us then say that past and future do not exist, only the present exists. What is the present but that moment at which the future becomes the past? Can that which does not exist, passing into that which does not exist, produce the only existence we know? *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* Life comes from life, existence from existence, not from non-existence. Is the world to be regarded as perpetually going out of existence and perpetually coming into existence, like the explosions of some colossal Roman candle? If we would avoid the ludicrous, we must expand our ideas of both time and space, for something is obviously wrong with them as they are.

Eastern philosophy speaks of Time as a great illusion, and of "past," "present" and "future" as one,—a statement that was for years utterly meaningless to me, and I fancy to most western minds. Master K. H., in one of the letters in the *Occult World*, refers to the three words, past, present and future, as being about as well-adapted for conveying his meaning as an axe is to do fine wood-carving. We have thus high authority for feeling that our ideas need expanding.

Light may give us help in getting our imaginations started. Astronomers tell us that the light that is now reaching us from some of the fixed stars left those stars at, let us say, the time of Alexander the Great. Conversely, the light that left the earth in Alexander's time must be just reaching those stars. Therefore it would follow that an inhabitant of such a star, if equipped with a sufficiently powerful telescope, could actually see Alexander's charge for the chariot of Darius at Issus, the fierce mêlée and the final rout of the Persians, with each incident of heroism as it occurred two thousand years ago. If we could but move our consciousness around in space, we could find somewhere in the universe the light that carries the picture of every incident that has ever happened on earth, and see it enact itself before our eyes. A magnificently interesting prospect to the lover of history! Also an appalling one, for it is not only Alexander and the great ones of the earth whose deeds are immortalized, but each act of each one of us, mean and petty and shameful, that is for ever enacting itself since we gave it life. To the all-embracing Divine consciousness, co-extensive with space itself, the past is thus perpetually present, even in three-

dimensional space. One wonders what provision Divine Mercy has made for the obliteration of parts of this record! Surely there must be some, or how, for very shame, could we ever enjoy heaven? Perhaps contrition may cut its mark over the original deed, obliterating it as a later inscription blots out an earlier one in the rock-cut records of ancient Egypt. That, however, is not our present point, which is that in this case at least, the mastery of space, as by the omnipresent Divine consciousness, carries with it a conquest of time that even we can understand.

Much has been written on the relation of time and space to one another, and of their effect in limiting our consciousness. I shall borrow freely from the illustrations with which this literature abounds.

To gain an idea of the change resulting from adding a new dimension of space to our consciousness, the easiest method of approach is to imagine a being conscious of only one dimension, then of two, then of three and finally of four, and to see what changes each step would involve. Assume, for illustration, an animal that was conscious in a straight line only, who saw and felt before and behind him, but not above or below or on either side, and who could not even imagine an "above" or a "below" or a "side." To such a being, anything outside of his straight line would be as non-existent as the future is to us. He would not even know that he moved in a line, for all that he could see would be points,—the point in front and the point behind. A being who is in a line, cannot see it except by stepping outside it, above it, or to one side of it. Next imagine a "two-dimensional being," that is, one who sees and feels along a flat surface, but who cannot see or imagine "above" or "below." Anything that breaks the surface of this consciousness from above or below, seems to come from nowhere, from the "future" and to go out again into nowhere, into the "past." That which is in reality the movement of consciousness itself may appear to be growth and motion in the object perceived. For instance: Take a glass of water and imagine the field of consciousness of such a "two-dimensional being" to be represented by the surface of the water in the glass. Then hold a sharpened pencil motionless just over the water, and raise the glass slowly. First the point will touch the surface of the water, and our "two-dimensional being" becomes conscious of a point appearing in his world. As the glass is raised, the point becomes a circle, and as the water slowly moves up the rounded sharpened part of the pencil, the circle appears to grow larger and larger. There is, of course, no growth about it. The consciousness of our two-dimensional being has simply become successively aware of different parts of a pre-existing motionless whole, in itself totally different from a flat figure and yet producing the illusion of a flat, growing circle. Just as there would be nothing to indicate to the two-dimensional being that he was being deceived, so there may be nothing to indicate, to our three-dimensional consciousness, that our ideas of the true nature of the things of which we are conscious are equally misleading and incomplete. There would seem to be an analogy between the "flat" consciousness of our two-dimensional friend, and our own very "flat" conception of time and the existence of objects in time. We refuse to believe that

there is any existence "above" or "below" the present instant, an instant so thin that it has already ceased to exist before we can conceive of it as present. Our difficulty in imagining actual existence in what to us is the future or the past, is not, however, a good reason for denying the possibility of such existence.

Theosophical books teach that within every form of physical matter there is a finer form of "astral" matter, the model or mould on which the physical form has been built. We plant a lily bulb or an acorn and it grows to lily or oak, to a form we know and can predict in advance. Where was the plan in accordance with which they grew? Dissect lily bulb and acorn endlessly, and no shape of lily or oak will be found; and yet the particles of matter which the growing plant attracts to itself, form themselves unerringly in accordance with the pattern of its kind. That pattern must exist. Where, if not in the "future" as we call it? As the plant grows, the astral model is progressively clothed with matter as we know it, that is to say, it is made progressively cognizable by our receiving apparatus, our senses, which have not yet learned to perceive the astral in itself. In fact, for all that we know to the contrary, that may be all that "physical" matter is, the very temporary clothing of the real astral form in order that we may cognize it through our physical senses.

If Time be in fact a dimension of Space, if the astral form of that which is to be clothed in physical matter, exists now in what we call the future, but which in reality is a part of the fourth dimension of Space, it follows that the real tree is not what we see at any given instant, but is the whole course of its evolution and growth from seed through maturity to final decay and disintegration. What we actually see is only a cross-section, whereas had we true vision we would see the entire course of its evolution simultaneously. It has been pointed out that an approach to this is made by a moving-picture film which changes a time sequence to a space sequence and back again, depending on whether one looks at the film itself or at the picture on the screen as the film is run off. To borrow an illustration used in a recent issue of the QUARTERLY, our consciousness may be compared to a search-light, sweeping along a river bank at night, lighting up brightly the objects that come successively into its field of light. All before and behind it is in darkness, but not on that account non-existent.

If the real tree be its entire course from seed to full maturity, in the same way the real man is his entire evolution from before the beginnings of time down through all the future, to eternity. The real self of each one of us stretches from unimaginable beginnings in what we call the past, to equally unimaginable heights of splendour and glory of which we are destined to become conscious. God—the Logos—created a growing universe, created it all, end as well as beginning, and it must exist to-day, in its entirety. Can we suppose that the Great Creator merely planned a beginning, and then turned his universe adrift to go where it would? Or that only half a plan was made and the rest left to be worked out according to circumstances and opportunism, like the foreign policy of a modern statesman? So much of the confusion in our thinking arises from this failure to realize that what we see is only a cross-

section of an existing whole, the universe as God sees it, a unity—past, present and future as one continuous whole. I doubt if the most ardent enthusiast over Greek art could find much beauty in a cross-section of the Venus of Milo, if he insisted on thinking of that section as the entire conception of the artist. We are not what we think ourselves to be, or even what our most candid friends think us. We are what the Masters see us to be, what each one was imagined to be by the Master who created him, on whose ray he is and whose life he shares. And the vision of Masters is not limited to a fleeting instant of time. Where we happen to be at this moment may be of far less importance than we imagine. Does a mother love her child less because it has fallen and covered its face with mud? Even the habit of covering itself with mud, trying as that is to live with, may be outgrown in time. It is the direction in which we are going, forward or backward, that counts.

"The soul of man is immortal and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour has no limit." At Philæ there is a wonderful temple of ancient Egypt, now half submerged by the waters of the Nile. The base of each beautiful column is in the mud at the bottom of the river, but the columns rise through the water to the clear sunlight above. We might take such a column, covered, let us say, with hieroglyphs for its entire height, as the picture of each one of us. The personal consciousness of each one, cuts his column at a different level, and each is vastly interested in the particular hieroglyphs he finds there, picturing success or failure, victory or defeat, pleasure or pain, before his eyes,—elated at the pictures of victory, depressed and frightened at the portrayal of pain. Yet we should be neither elated nor depressed, for they are the lessons which we are meant to learn, which we must learn before we can emerge into the sunlight of the eternal above. To be sure, most of the pictures of pain are those which we ourselves have cut on the surface of our column, defacing the divine plan to suit our own self-will. The existence and inevitableness of the divine plan does not take away man's free will. He can cut the surface of his column and spoil its beautiful pictures as he will. (I suppose there are barnacles forming now on the lovely columns of Philæ.) He can lift his consciousness by aspiration, or let his passions hold him in the mud as long as he will, for ten years or for ten thousand incarnations. The time is largely in his own hands. What, after all, is the "present," but that part of the divine plan on which our consciousness rests, that part of the eternal whole which we are permitted to mar, hack at and distort by our misuse of our divine powers, or to unveil in all its beauty by their right use? Sooner or later, with more or less of pain and struggle, we must reproduce it all, learn the lessons set before us, and, at the long last, take our place with our fellow immortals in the pure light above.

It does not do to push any simile too far. The point is that there is a divine plan that we must reproduce, each one his own. We are given the tools: our divine powers—free will, imagination, obedience, and so on, which we may use, neglect, or misuse. We are given guidance which we may follow or not as we like. The guidance lies in the duties each one of us has, which are designed

by the Masters of Wisdom to give us just the training we need to develop as we are meant to develop. At any given moment we can perform these duties or not. Ultimately we shall have to perform them, and they do not grow easier with waiting. The place where the road meets the river is the easiest crossing, though, if we do not like to wet our precious selves, we can wander up and down the bank and try as many other places as we choose.

To return for a moment to our two-dimensional being and the flat surface to which his consciousness is limited. If a vertical wheel were to cut this surface, it would appear, not as a wheel, but as a line. If the wheel were painted different colours and were rotated, the line would appear to the two-dimensional intelligence to change its colour in a remarkable and totally inexplicable manner. The colours would recur at regular intervals, like, let us say, the seasons. Any two-dimensional scientist who might seek an explanation of this phenomenon as coming from some plane outside those known to two-dimensional science, would be scoffed at as "most unscientific." If he imagined a wheel, it could only seem to him that it came from the "future" (above), and went into the "past" (below),—the moment of intersection with his plane being his "present." Rotating the wheel the other way, it would still make only a line on the two-dimensional surface, and there would be nothing to indicate that instead of coming from the "future" (above), and going into the "past" (below), it were now coming from the "past" and going into the "future." In other words, our two-dimensional scientist could not tell whether a given event came from his future and went into his past, or came from his past and went into his future.

Of course, we are quite sure that we can tell; everything that comes to us comes from the future and goes into the past. A very little thought, however, shows that this is not so, and that, as has been said, the past is always blowing over our heads into the future. A traveller, reaching the only road to his destination and taking a wrong turn, walking south instead of north, may congratulate himself, as he passes each mile-stone, that that part of his journey is over. Later he will discover that each one of those miles went into his future journey and has to be traversed once more before he can reach his journey's end. They came to him from his future and it was to his future that they went back, where they will remain until he passes over them rightly. Our duty is to reproduce the divine plan, that plan which comes to us as our highest ideal, and which we must incarnate, must "clothe in matter," that it may be manifest to ourselves and to others, by putting it into action on the physical plane. Only that which is in accordance with the divine plan can go into the past. All else must go back into the future, to come to us again and again until we do it as we should. Some years ago a public library was being built at Lake George. The architect's plans called for the brick wall to be laid with each alternate brick end-on to the street. The bricklayer did not like to lay bricks that way; it was more trouble; so he laid them all end-to-end, parallel to the street, and built several feet of wall. That wall never got into the past. He built it right across his own future, for as soon as the architect saw it, the

bricklayer had to pull it down and spend all of the next week rebuilding it as it should have been built to begin with.

It would seem, therefore, that our true past is that which we have done rightly, and our future that part of the divine plan which we have not yet reproduced, plus the excrescences and defacements which we have ourselves placed there, our neglected duties, our unexpiated sins and their consequences. Just as the real tree is its entire evolution from seed through maturity to decay, so a "sin" must be the entire cycle of the act, from the first seed in the form of a wrong thought indulged in by our minds, through the following expression in outer act, to its inevitable consequences, its Karma, and its final expiation. When we attach a sin to the "column" of our lives, we attach it all, consequences and need for final expiation as well. There is no way of escape save by going through to the end, and some day we shall have to do this. It may be a long time before our consciousness returns to that part of the "column" to which the consequences have adhered. We may seem to be getting off scot-free, but the consequences, the lessons of our acts, await us, one life or two or ten lives away, as the case may be. That which is far apart in two-dimensional space, as two points at opposite ends of a sheet of paper, may be close together when another dimension of space is added, as when the paper is bent over until the two points touch. So, perhaps, when we add a fourth dimension it may be that the act and its results, which seem far apart in three-dimensional time, are in fact touching one another as part of one sequence. This may explain what has always seemed puzzling—the reason for the delay of Karma in bringing the consequences of our acts upon us. Incidentally, the fact that the use of a higher dimension can bring things together which seemed very far apart when viewed from lower dimensions only, would also seem to explain the simultaneous appearance of a Master in widely separated parts of the earth.

Not only is the divine plan to be reproduced as it is, without distortion by man's self will, but all of it must be reproduced. Our duties are an integral part of it. No use neglecting them. There they will stay, in essence, for all eternity, as obstacles blocking our way, or as ladders by which we may climb when we really take hold of them. We are not climbing to something strange and foreign. We are the "column," and we can truly identify ourselves with any part of it that we will, from the mud on its base, to all the splendour of immortal light on its capital, or as near it as our imaginations can take us. We are unwise to deny the mud on the base. We are more unwise to deny the light above, for it guides and draws us, as it draws the lotus flower from the mud to the sunlight. We rise by realizing that we are not the mud; that we are our highest ideal; that that to which we climb is the deepest desire of our heart—our true self with its immortal destiny of divine peace and power and splendour.

J. F. B. M.

THE CREST JEWEL OF WISDOM

Attributed to Shankara Acharya

III

BECAUSE the subtile body possesses detachment, it is not stained by the acts of its vesture. This form body carries out all activities as the instrument of the higher Self, the spiritual man; it is as the sharp tools in the hand of the carpenter. Therefore the Self is free from attachment.

The characters of blindness, slowness or keen vision have their cause in the qualities or defects of the eye; so deafness and dumbness are characters of the ear or tongue, not of the Seer, the Self.

Outbreathing, inbreathing, yawning, sneezing, the flow of saliva, circulation, are said by those who know, to be caused by the vital airs; hunger and thirst are caused by the life principle.

The internal organ acts through the organs of sight and the other sense powers. Through the attribution of selfhood, the personal "I" is established and manifested. (105)

The personal "I" is to be known as the actor and as receiving experience; it is based on the attribution of selfhood; through union with the three potencies, goodness, passion, darkness, it experiences the three states of consciousness.

When the objects of its experience flow with the current, the personality enjoys pleasure; when they go contrary to its wishes, it suffers pain. Pleasure and pain are characters of the personality, not of the true Self, which is being and bliss.

For the object of experience is dearer because it serves the Self; it is not dear in itself. And the Self is of itself the dearest of all.

Therefore the Self is being and bliss, nor has it any pain. That bliss of the Self which is experienced in dreamlessness, above objective life, is known in waking consciousness through revelation, through direct experience, through the experience of others, through logical reasoning.

World Glamour, Maya, through which this whole world comes into being, is named the Unmanifest, the Power of the supreme Lord, beginningless Unwisdom, formed of the three potencies. The awakened understanding should grasp it by a study of its effects. (110)

Maya is neither being nor non-being, nor in essence both; it is neither divided nor undivided, nor in essence both; it is neither with members nor without members, nor in essence both; it is most marvellous in its nature, and indefinable.

The power of Maya is to be destroyed by awakening to the pure, undivided Eternal, as the illusion of the serpent by discerning the rope. Passion, dark-

ness, goodness are known as its potencies; through their effects they are to be understood.

Dispersion, which is the essence of action, is the power of Passion; from this power springs the age-old tendency to forward action; desire and hate come forth from it perpetually, which cause the moods of pain and sorrow in the mind.

Lust, wrath, greed, fraud, cavilling, selfishness, envy, the lust of possession, are the terrible characters of Passion, from which this human activity springs; therefore Passion is the cause of bondage.

Envelopment is the name of the power of Darkness, whereby a thing appears other than it is. This is the underlying cause of man's cycle of birth and rebirth; it is the motive force of the activity of the power of Dispersion. (115)

Though he be intelligent, learned, clever, keen in self-study, thoroughly well informed, a man cannot be wise if wrapped in this power of Darkness; what is raised up by illusion, he sees as real, he leans on qualities created by illusion. Alas for him; very overmastering is this power of Darkness, this mighty Envelopment.

Failure to perceive real things, seeing things as the opposite of what they are, building up fancies, taking realities for fancies, these are modes of Dispersion; the power of Dispersion releases not him who is under the yoke of attachment; it sweeps him away continually.

The qualities of Darkness are unwisdom, laziness, inertness, lethargy, folly, bondage to delusion; he who is under their yoke is wise in nothing; he is like a man asleep, like a log.

Goodness, because of its purity, though mingled with these as water with water, yet builds for salvation; the ray of the true Self reflected in Goodness illumines the whole material world, like the sun.

Where Goodness is mingled with the other potencies, these characters arise: self-respect, obedience to the commandments and the rules, faith, devotion, desire for liberation, godlike virtues, a complete turning from evil. (120)

Of pure Goodness, the qualities are grace, experience of the true Self, supreme quietude of heart, acceptance, joy, a resting in the supreme Self, whereby is attained the essence of being and bliss.

Of the Unmanifest, which is defined by the three potencies, is formed the Causal Body of the Self; its free field of consciousness is dreamlessness, in which the activity of the powers and the understanding are merged in one.

Dreamlessness is a form of consciousness in which every kind of mental perception is stilled, when the intelligence is withdrawn into the Self which is its source; where the Seer says: "I know nothing of the rumour of the world."

The body, powers, vital airs, mind, personality, all forms, all objects, pleasure and pain, ether and the elements, the whole world up to and including the Unmanifest, all this is other than the Self.

Maya and all the works of Maya, beginning with the Great One, Mahat, and ending with the body; know that all this is other than the Eternal, other than the Self, like the mirage in the desert. (125)

I shall now declare to thee the true nature of the Supreme Self, knowing which, freed from bondage, a man gains final liberation.

There is a certain eternal Self, on which the consciousness of selfhood rests; this is the witness of the three fields of consciousness; this is other than the five vestures.

This is he who perceives all things in waking, dreaming, dreamlessness; this is the true "I" which perceives the intelligence and its activities, whether they be good or evil.

This is he who himself perceives all, whom none perceives; who illumines the intelligence and the other powers, whom none illumines.

Who penetrates and upholds this universe, whom none penetrates nor upholds; from him this universe derives the light with which it is illumined. (130)

Through whose mere presence the body, powers, mind and intelligence turn each to their proper objects as though obeying its command.

By whom, having as his essence eternal wisdom, all the powers from the personality to the body, all objects, all pleasures and pains are seen as a jar is seen.

This inner Self, the Spirit, the ancient, is the presence of primal, undivided joy; ever unchanging, consisting of pure wisdom, by whose command voice and the life-breaths fulfil their parts.

Here, verily, in the Self of Goodness, in the secret place of the soul, in the undivided firmament; rising like the dawn, this shines like the risen sun in the sky, by its radiance making this whole world shine.

Beholding all activities of the mind and personal self, all motions of the body, the powers, the life-breaths, this neither strives nor changes, pervading them like the fire in the heated iron. (135)

This enters not into birth, or death, or growth, nor does he wane or change for ever; even when this frame falls into dissolution, the Self is not dissolved, like the ether in the broken jar.

Standing apart from the vicissitudes of the manifest world, in his own essence pure consciousness, illumining this infinite universe of things enduring and unenduring, himself unchanging, the supreme Self, in the fields of waking, dream and dreamlessness, shines as the true "I," as the immediate witness of the intelligence.

Do thou, with disciplined mind, recognize this Self within thyself, saying, "This is I," through the grace of understanding; cross the shoreless ocean of manifested life whose waves are birth and death, reaching thy goal, coming home to the being of the Eternal.

The thought of "I" in what is not the Self brings the Spirit into bondage; this bondage, springing from unwisdom, brings on us birth and death and weariness. He who identifies himself with his body, thinking the unenduring to be the real, and therefore feeds it, anoints it, guards it, is enmeshed in things of sense as the silkworm in the threads it spins.

He who is deluded by Darkness sees reality in what is unreal; from lack of

discernment arises the illusion of the serpent in the rope. He who is subject to this illusion suffers a multitude of sorrows; to take the unreal for the real is bondage. Friend, heed this. (140)

The enveloping power of Darkness completely hides the Self with his infinite powers, which shine forth through the power of partless, eternal, undivided illumination, as the demon of eclipse conceals the sun's rays.

When the true Self of stainless radiance is concealed, the man, deluded, thinks of the body, which is not the Self, as "I." Then the far-reaching power of Passion, which is called Dispersion, painfully binds him with the cords of lust and wrath.

His perception of the true Self swallowed up by the voracious shark of great Delusion, he entangles himself in manifold errors of understanding through the cords of this power; in the shoreless ocean of birth and death, full of the poison of sensuous things, sinking or rising, he is carried about, confused, contemptible.

As a cloud wreath, brought into being by the sun's shining, spreads and conceals the sun, so the personal self, which comes into being through the Self, spreads and conceals the true Self.

As on a foul day, when the lord of day is swallowed up by heavy clouds, fierce, chill blasts of wind afflict the clouds, so, when the true Self is enveloped in unbroken darkness, this keen power of Dispersion visits the deluded man with many sorrows. (145)

By these two powers, man's bondage is brought about; deluded by them he goes astray, thinking the body is the Self.

Of the tree of birth and death, Darkness is the root, the thought of the body as Self is the shoot, desire is the leaf, works are the sap, the life-breaths are the branches, the powers are the ends of the branches, sensuous things are the flowers, pain is the fruit, springing from manifold works; the separate self is the bird who eats the fruit.

This bondage to that which is not Self, which has its root in unwisdom, arising without a cause, beginningless, endless, brings upon the separate self a flood of sorrows, like birth and death, sickness and decay.

Not by weapons, nor scriptures, not by wind nor fire, can this bondage be loosed, nor by myriads of ritual acts, without the great sword of discerning knowledge, sharp and keen, through divine grace.

He who is convinced of the truth of the sacred teaching faithfully performs all duties; by this comes self-purification; when his intelligence is purified, the vision of the supreme Self comes; thereby he destroys birth and death, root and all. (150)

The Self, wrapped up in the five vestures, beginning with the vesture formed of food, which are brought into being by its own power, does not shine forth, as the water in the pond, covered by a veil of green scum.

When the green scum is taken away, immediately the water shines forth pure, taking away thirst and heat, straightway becoming a source of great joy to man.

When the five vestures have been stripped off, the Self shines forth pure, the one essence of eternal bliss, beheld within, supreme, self-luminous.

Discernment is to be made between the Self and what is not Self by the wise man seeking freedom from bondage; through this he enters into joy, knowing the Self which is being, consciousness, bliss.

As the reed from the tiger grass, so separating from the congeries of things visible the hidden Self within, which is detached, not involved in actions, and dissolving all in the Self, he who stands thus, has attained liberation. (155)

The food-formed vesture is this body, which comes into being through food, which lives by food, which perishes without food.

It is formed of cuticle, skin, flesh, blood, bone, water; this is not worthy to be the Self, eternally pure.

The Self was before birth or death, and now is; how can it be born for the moment, fleeting, unstable of nature, not unified, inert, beheld like a jar? For the Self is the witness of all changes of form.

The body has hands and feet, not the Self; though bodiless, yet because it is the Life, because its power is indestructible, it is controller, not controlled.

Since the Self is witness of the body, its character, its acts, its states, therefore the Self must be of other nature than the body. (160)

A mass of wretchedness, clad in flesh, full of impurity and evil, how can this body be the knower? The Self is of other nature.

Of this compound of skin, flesh, fat, bone and water, the man of deluded mind thinks, "This is I"; but he who is possessed of judgment knows that his true Self is of other character, in nature transcendental.

The mind of the dullard thinks of the body, "This is I"; he who is more learned thinks, "This is I," of the body and the separate self; but he who has attained discernment and is wise knows the true Self, saying, "I am the Eternal."

Therefore, O thou of mind deluded, put away the thought that this body is the Self, this compound of skin, flesh, fat, bone and water; discern the universal Self, the Eternal, changeless, and enjoy supreme peace.

So long as the man of learning abandons not the thought, founded on delusion, that "This is I," regarding the unenduring body and its powers, so long there is no hope for his liberation, though he possess the knowledge of the Vedanta and its science. (165)

As thou hast no thought that "This is the Self," regarding the body's shadow, or the reflected form, or the body seen in dream, or the shape imagined in the mind, so let not this thought exist regarding the living body.

The thought that the body is the Self, in the minds of men who discern not the real, is the seed from which spring birth and death and sorrow; therefore slay thou this thought with strong effort, for when thou hast abandoned this thought the longing for rebirth will cease.

The breath-formed vesture is formed by the life-breath determined by the five powers of action; through its power the food-formed vesture, guided by the Self and sustained by food, moves in all bodily acts.

Nor is this breath-formed vesture the Self, since it is formed of the vital airs, coming and going like the wind, moving within and without; since it can in no wise discern between right and wrong, between oneself and another, but is ever dependent.

The mind-formed vesture is formed of the powers of perception and the mind; it is the cause of the distinction between the notions of "mine" and "I"; it is active in making a distinction of names and numbers; as more potent, it pervades and dominates the former vesture. (170)

The fire of the mind-formed vesture, fed by the five powers of perception, as though by five sacrificial priests, with objects of sense like streams of melted butter, blazing with the fuel of manifold sense-impressions, sets the personality aflame.

For there is no unwisdom except in the mind, for the mind is unwisdom, the cause of the bondage to life; when this is destroyed, all is destroyed; when this dominates, the world dominates.

In dream, devoid of substance, it emanates a world of experiencer and things experienced, which is all mind; so in waking consciousness, there is no difference, it is all the domination of mind.

During the time of dreamlessness, when mind has become latent, nothing at all of manifestation remains; therefore man's circle of birth and death is built by mind, and has no permanent reality.

By the wind a cloud is collected, by the wind it is driven away again; by mind bondage is built up, by mind is built also liberation. (175)

Building up desire for the body and all objects, it binds the man thereby as an ox by a cord; afterwards leading him to turn from them like poison, that same mind, verily, sets him free from bondage.

Therefore mind is the cause of man's bondage, and in turn of his liberation; when darkened by the powers of passion it is the cause of bondage, and the cause of liberation when pure of passion and darkness.

Where discernment and dispassion are dominant, gaining purity, the mind makes for liberation; therefore let the wise man who seeks liberation strengthen these two in himself as the first step.

Mind is the name of the mighty tiger that hunts in the forest glades of sensuous things; let not the wise go thither, who seek liberation.

Mind moulds all sensuous things through the earthly body and the subtile body of him who experiences; mind ceaselessly shapes the differences of body, of colour, of condition, of race, as fruits caused by the acts of the potencies.

Mind, beclouding the detached, pure consciousness, binding it with the cords of the body, the powers, the life-breaths, as "I" and "my," ceaselessly strays among the fruits of experience caused by its own activities. (181)

Man's circle of birth and death comes through the fault of attributing reality to the unreal, but this false attribution is built up by mind; this is the effective cause of birth and death and sorrow for him who has the faults of passion and darkness and is without discernment.

Therefore the wise who know the truth have declared that mind is unwisdom,

through which the whole world, verily, is swept about, as cloud belts by the wind.

Therefore purification of the mind should be undertaken with strong effort by him who seeks liberation; when the mind has been purified, liberation comes like fruit into his hand.

Through the sole power of liberation uprooting desire for sensuous things, and ridding himself of all bondage to works, he who through faith in the real stands firm in the teaching, shakes off the very essence of passion from the understanding. (185)

The mind-formed vesture cannot be the higher Self, since it has beginning and end, waxing and waning; by causing sensuous things, it is the very essence of pain; that which is itself seen cannot be the Seer.

The intelligence together with the powers of intelligence makes the understanding-formed vesture, whose distinguishing character is actorship; it is the cause of man's circle of birth and death.

The power which is a reflected beam of pure Consciousness, called the understanding, is a mode of abstract Nature; it possesses wisdom and creative power; it thereby focuses the idea of "I" in the body and its powers.

This "I," beginningless in time, is the separate self, it is the initiator of all undertakings; this, impelled by previous imprints, works all works both holy and unholy, and forms their fruits.

Passing through varying births it gains experience, now descending, now ascending; of this understanding-formed vesture, waking, dream and dreamlessness are the fields where it experiences pleasure and pain. (190)

By constantly attributing to itself the body, state, condition, duties and works, thinking, "These are mine," this understanding-formed vesture, brightly shining because it stands closest to the higher Self, becomes the vesture of the Self, and, thinking itself to be the Self, wanders in the circle of birth and death.

This, formed of understanding, is the light that shines in the vital breaths, in the heart; the Self who stands for ever wears this vesture as actor and experiencer.

The Self, assuming the limitation of the understanding, self-deluded by the error of the understanding, though it is the universal Self, yet views itself as separate from the Self; as the potter views the jars as separate from the clay.

Through the force of its union with the vesture, the higher Self takes on the character of the vesture and assumes its nature, as fire, which is without form, takes on the varying forms of the iron, even though the Self is for ever by nature uniform and supreme.

C. J.

(*To be continued*)

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

XIV

Francis Xavier

Part I

François, capitaine de Dieu, a fini ses caravanes;
Il n'a plus de souliers à ses pieds et sa chair est plus usée que sa soutane.
Il a fait ce qu'on lui avait dit de faire, non point tout, mais ce qu'il a pu:
Qu'on le couche sur la terre, car il n'en peut plus.
Et c'est vrai que c'est la Chine qui est là, et c'est vrai qu'il n'est pas dedans:
Mais puisqu'il ne peut pas y entrer, il meurt devant.
Il s'étend, pose à côté de lui son bréviaire,
Dit: Jésus! pardonne à ses ennemis, fait sa prière,
Et tranquille comme un soldat, les pieds joints et le corps droit,
Ferme austèrement les yeux et se couvre du signe de la Croix.

Paul Claudel.

Undaunted Xavier, eager and as wise,
He waged, with burning, brave simplicities,
War against sin and self—Christ in his heart,
Lord of his will, Custodian of his eyes.

Armel O'Conor.

ONE who seeks to understand the lesson taught by the life of any eminent person has to conjecture, surmise and hypothesize. Opinions are formed, about the whole life and about details of it. But above every opinion or judgment looms the query: what about the Lodge? Was there some purpose the Lodge wished to see fulfilled by this person in this undertaking? Was that purpose fulfilled or thwarted? How does the Lodge judge the fruit of this particular incarnation? The truth about any individual life is not arrived at through the standards of the world. And for the standards of the Lodge, one has to resort to surmises and reverent guesses.

This is especially true of Francis Xavier's life and work. He was an affectionate and esteemed companion of Loyola's. Before Loyola's small "regiment" of spiritual soldiers was fairly engaged in action, Xavier, an able and trustworthy lieutenant, was sent off to distant Asia. He worked there, with incredible activity, ten and a half years, finally dying near the coast of China. He never again saw Loyola and his companions, whom he loved deeply. Seldom could he have even the consolation of a letter from them. He received one letter from Ignatius in four years. From parts of the region

where Xavier worked, to receive an answer to a letter, viâ sailing boats, required three years and nine months. Xavier went onward and onward in that distant east, practically alone. The few Europeans who shared his labours, were not comrades, but spiritual babes whose needs he had to supply. What was the work for which he thus sacrificed all that was dear to him? Not a very significant work, if bare deeds only are judged, apart from the wonderful spirit he put into them; in fact, a work which stirs little sympathy to-day. Undoubtedly it made a great impression in the Europe of his time when his letters told that he had baptized ten thousand babies in a month, that he could count upon making one hundred thousand Christians in a year, and, that, after only two years of labour, his ministry had been the occasion of adding six hundred martyrs to those who had given their lives for Christ. Those figures cause no thrill to-day as they did then, in Lisbon and Spain and Rome. Some, indeed, might go so far as to question whether Christians and martyrs made at such a rate were worth the making.

A deeper inquiry might possibly reveal that baptisms and martyrs were not his work at all. Every man's real work is, not the things about which he is so busy, but the character that is moulded silently amid such activities. The incessant round of outer duty in the making of Christians by wholesale, may have been only a figurative crucible for testing the metal of which this soldier was made. Could it be possible that Francis Xavier was a promising candidate for discipleship? Are those low-caste, depraved, Malay and Indian peoples to be regarded only as an opportunity used to test out the purity of this candidate's motive; to discover whether he could work in complete loneliness, with utter unselfishness, without thought of gain for himself of any kind, but altogether for furthering the Cause to which he had devoted his life?

This hypothesis, if it be at all tenable, suggests another. India was his base during the ten years of pioneering in the East. From India, he went to other lands, to Japan and to the islands which had, in some degree or other, felt the influence of Indian thought. Was Xavier's presence in India a part of the Theosophical Movement? Was it a tentative effort on the part of the Lodge, to effect a *rapprochement* of Eastern and Western religion? In Europe, a group of devout men had been brought together under Ignatius, who, in addition to their devotion, had the highest ideals of intellectual training and culture. Xavier had lectured on philosophy at the University of Paris. Did the Lodge try an experiment? Was Xavier given an opportunity, under the guise of missionary work which his Roman Catholic mind could understand, to make contact with the older philosophy and religion of the East? It was an epoch of discoveries on the outer plane—new continents added to a smaller world. The time may have seemed ripe for the experiment of bringing new spiritual worlds within men's reach, through the old religions of the East. If the hypothesis be valid, how disappointing is the result! Xavier was devoted and self-sacrificing; but he was bigoted, and his understanding was closed to truths that might have come from the East. Europe learned some of the outer facts of Eastern life, but nothing of its wonderful inner life; just as Europe

had learned some of the legends and myths of ancient Greece, but so little of the truth which those legends embody.

Could it be, in addition, that the Western branch of the Great Lodge was helping the Eastern—was, so to speak, lending one of its aspirants to the East, in an effort to impart what most Eastern religions then lacked, namely, zeal, fervour, passion of devotion for a Master and for his Cause? We may be shamed into a right attitude by the example of a competitor.

The second hypothesis may not be so wild as it seems. Xavier was born in 1506. He was born in the northern part of what is now Spain, in the province that lies in the angle of the Bay of Biscay, the Pyrenees traversing the province. The political division we know as Spain, did not then exist. Xavier was born in the Kingdom of Navarre, a region lying partly south, and partly north of the Pyrenees. The famous Pass of Roncevalles, through the Pyrenees, from Spain into France, is situated in Navarre. There the Moors, who had held most of Spain, had been defeated by the army of Charlemagne. The families of Xavier's father and mother were Navarrese,through many generations, and of noble rank, and in active service with the Kings of Navarre. That connection of his family with the Court of Navarre must not be thought of as a petty feudal tie. It was a much greater honour. Navarre was not a mere tribal territory whose chieftain bore the courtesy title of King. In the eleventh century, Navarre had made tributary the proudest provinces of Spain. Sancho the Great, King of Navarre (970–1033), included in his Kingdom the provinces of Aragon, Castile and Leon, and was called "King of the Spains"; it seemed as if Navarre would form, in the south, the nucleus of a nation, as the Ile-de-France was doing in the north.

It is not a waste of time to mention these geographical details in connection with a saint's life. Nor need political history be the dull and meaningless thing that we too often make of it. Is there not, perhaps, a complete analogy between the formation and growth of a nation, and the growth of an individuality or of a group, such for instance, as The Theosophical Society?

We might find help in our individual tasks of bringing order out of the anarchy of our warring elementals if we would carefully observe the rise of nations. It would seem as if the Lodge were aiming with nations toward the same goal as with individuals, namely discipleship. As a province showed possibility of virtue, the Lodge would watch; for, if the province used its opportunity, it would become constructive. It would draw around it other provinces with other virtues and gifts. In time, an entire nation would be formed. In the formative stage of a nation, one province after another might have its opportunity to become a nucleus and might fail; afterward, a more constructive province might draw it as a member into a whole. Such a process is what happened among the provinces which, later, became the political unit, Spain. Sancho the Great, King of Navarre (and of "the Spains"), made the irremediable mistake of partitioning his territory among his children, instead of leaving it to one son. By that division, Navarre lost its opportunity, which passed on to other provinces. The history of Navarre is, thenceforward,

chequered and shadowed. Wars between the different provinces followed, with intermissions of peace. In 1469, a marriage was made between Ferdinand, heir to the crown of Aragon, and Isabella, heir to Castile. Two powerful provinces were united by that marriage. With the strength of union, those two provinces were able to annex others, and in 1492, they conquered from the Moors their last stronghold, Granada. In 1515, when Francis Xavier was a young lad, Navarre, which once had dominated its neighbours, was annexed to Aragon and Castile. Francis's father had loyally served his Navarrese sovereign, with the hope of maintaining the political integrity of Navarre. When Ferdinand made Navarre tributary, Francis's father died, disheartened and worn out by his efforts and their failure. The boy's childhood was thus spent in an environment of war, and of war which ended in defeat. Ferdinand died in 1516. That meant a revival of hope and effort in Navarre. It seemed to offer another opportunity to regain political integrity. The brothers and relatives of Francis Xavier joined in that patriotic effort. But it brought disaster to the family. Soldiers of the united forces came to Castle Xavier, where the boy Francis (age 10) lived with his mother, while his elder brothers fought. They dismantled and burnt this fortified Castle of Xavier, leaving it half ruined, and the family, impoverished.

The loyal Navarrese continued to struggle for several years. The elder sons of the Xavier family fought to the very end. Finally, when the struggle was hopeless, Charles V, the new King of Spain, pardoned those of the Navarrese troops who had continued belligerent, and sent them to their homes. Perhaps the hopelessness of the struggle turned Francis away from the military and Court life of his brothers and father. The father had been something of a scholar. It was to learning, to the University of Paris, that Francis turned, to begin a life that might prove less hopeless and ruinous than in the futile continuance of a lost cause.

That struggle of Navarre should not be left without mentioning another incident. The chief city of Navarre was Pampeluna. Five years after the dismantling of Xavier castle, the patriots of Navarre were besieging Pampeluna which was occupied and defended by united forces loyal to the new Spanish king, Charles V. The patriots had as allies certain troops from France. The defending troops were discouraged, and with difficulty were held to their posts by a dauntless young soldier and courtier, whose leg finally was badly injured by a shot from the besiegers. The besiegers entered the town, and that wounded officer was permitted to withdraw to his own home for the care of his injured leg. It was Ignatius Loyola. How, during the healing of the leg, Loyola was won as a soldier of Christ, has been many times told. Two men, from provinces of that neighbourhood, thus took different sides in the struggle of Navarre for separate political existence. Francis Xavier abandoned a hopeless cause and turned from a ruined home to study philosophy in Paris. Ignatius Loyola, fighting to subdue Navarre, became a lieutenant of Christ, and, in his toil for an education, later found his way to Paris. There the two men became comrades.

Xavier has thus been located, geographically and politically. He was a Navarrese, of Spanish Navarre, on the southern side of the Pyrenees. Ignatius Loyola was from the neighbouring province. The castle of Loyola, also, was situated in the north of Spain, in the province which bordered Navarre on the West. Their racial tradition is now to be mentioned. Both men were Basques. Xavier spoke the Basque language, as a child. It will be remembered of Ignatius, that, in the very early days at Rome, before his little company had firmly established itself in favour, an official of high standing asked to be given the *Exercises*. The poor man was unable to stand the strain of meditation, and showed signs of insanity. Ignatius, ever ready, saved the man's reason by dancing one of the Basque folk dances. The dance relieved the strain of meditation! The Basques are a small and obscure body of people who, in the Pyrenees mountains, have maintained their own individuality and language, while everything around them has changed. According to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, they are 600,000 in number, with an additional 100,000 who have emigrated to South America. The Basques are non-Aryans. In their mountain homes, on both slopes of the Pyrenees, they maintained their racial and linguistic independence, while neighbouring peoples were assimilated or conquered by Romans, Visigoths or Moors. There are many theories to account for their ethnology and their non-Aryan language. In the *Secret Doctrine*,[1] Madame Blavatsky mentioned their "mysterious" affinity with the Dravidian peoples of India. From H. P. B's words, it seems possible to infer a pre-European connection of the Basque and the Dravidian races. The significant thing for this essay is that it was to those Dravidian peoples of southern India that Xavier went. Among them, he lived and laboured.[2]

Was a *rapprochement* of East and West hoped for and planned for by the Lodge, as part of the long movement which we call the Renaissance? And was that achievement entrusted to Portugal as its contribution to the light and truth which that movement revealed? And was the Basque, Xavier, given the opportunity to act in that matter as the agent of Portugal?

Most people have more or less acquaintance with the literary and artistic accomplishment during the long period of the revival of the arts. They have less acquaintance with the scientific achievements of the period. They know, however, that in each field of endeavour, gradual development led up to efflorescence. The voyages of discovery are only one branch of human endeavour during that interesting time. In that particular branch, the voyage of Columbus seems to stand out as an isolated splendour, without any background of preparation. In America, national vanity has centred upon the name which offered most to its appetite. Other shining and heroic names have dropped into practical oblivion. The truth is that Portugal was the great

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[1] Vol. II, p. 835.

[2] It is of interest that many Generals of the French Army during the Great War, were Basque in origin,—among them, Foch and Joffre.

explorer of the fifteenth century. The discovery by Columbus was not an isolated achievement; it was made possible by the daring and the dreams of Portuguese sailors from the very beginning of the century.

Portugal had been a part of the territories held by the Mahometan Arabs who crossed over from Africa into Europe. Those Arabs (popularly called Moors) had been of significant service to civilization. Among other things, while Europe was still a victim of the anarchy that followed the gradual destruction of the Roman Empire by Bolshevists, the Arabs had preserved the writings of Aristotle, the knowledge of medicine and of mathematics. Whatever opportunity those Arabs had, in the long plans of the Lodge, seems to have been lost, for they decayed and the newer peoples of Europe advanced. The struggle in the Spanish Peninsula lasted for centuries. Alphonso VI, King of Leon, in 1095, gave to his daughter, Teresa, as a marriage portion, the two provinces which formed the nucleus of Portugal, on condition that her husband, Count Henry of Burgundy, should drive out the non-Christian possessors of the country. That was the beginning of Portugal. The period of its glory begins in 1415 with the indefatigable efforts of its Prince, Henry, called "the Navigator," to find a sea-passage to India. Portugal is a small country, and, in the rear, it is landlocked. All behind it was shut. If it were to expand it must take to the open, to the sea. Away off, in the little known East, was a rich land, India, and still other lands just as rich. But between Europe and India lay the hostile lands of the Moors. It could hardly be expected that those who had been driven out from Christian Europe would tolerate European Christians within their boundaries. In front of Portugal stretched the unknown sea. Why not sail to India and avoid Mahometan countries? No less than that was Prince Henry's aim. He was born in 1394. He started his quest in 1415. His determination was soon apparent. For in 1418, the Pope declared that all lands taken from Mahometans during the Prince's voyages should belong to Portugal. Down the African coast the Prince's sailors went, finding indeed many strange and uncouth tribes, and always hearing of the far off lands of riches. Not only down the coast, but also out from the coast, they went, discovering, or re-discovering, the islands, the Azores, Madeira, Cape Verde, etc. They sought, however, not lands in the west but passage to India. The courage of the Portuguese sailors won the recognition they deserved. A Papal proclamation of 1454 declared Portugal the sovereign of the seas, from Africa to India (which they had not yet reached). Prince Henry died in 1460. The torch of ambition, daring and hope, which he had kindled, burned on. The Portuguese were convinced that Africa had an end —that they had but to reach that end, and turn it, and India would be theirs. Finally, in 1486, Bartholomew Diaz was actually carried down by storms past the continent's end, and reported that fact. The successful termination of the quest which Prince Henry had started in 1415, was attained before the century closed. In 1498, Vasco da Gama carried through to completion the old plan of the Portuguese. He sailed to the end of Africa, turned the corner, passed Mozambique, and, in due time, reached India, taking possession of it for his

King. The Portuguese Empire of the East was thus founded. Meanwhile, in 1492, Spain became a claimant for the treasures of the sea. The Pope was appealed to by his two children at loggerheads. The Pope commanded that a line be drawn at a certain place in the Western Atlantic Ocean. Portugal should control everything east of that line, namely Africa, India and the regions beyond India; Spain should have everything west of the line, namely, America or New Spain. The two children acquiesced in the Pope's decision, though the enterprising King of Portugal declared that the line had been drawn in the wrong place. He pushed it much further westward, and, in consequence of that correction of the imaginary line, he secured for Portugal the territory of Brazil.

When India had been reached, the Portuguese aims expanded. Reports of the lands beyond India were brought to these intrepid sailors, as reports of India had been brought while they were coasting the African shore. The gulfs and bays of the Indian Ocean were their next field of enterprise. They crossed the Bay of Bengal to Siam, and they went through the Malay Straits. They threaded the passages of Borneo and Celebes, and the thousand islands of that Eastern Archipelago, which show on our maps as mere specks of ink; and they took possession. To add zest to the thirst for discovery and conquest, they found here in these new lands their old enemies the Moors. Whatever trading was done with the native peoples of these new countries, was being done by Mahometans. With trade, the Mahometan proselytizers had carried their religion. For the Portuguese, it became a religious duty to wrest trade from the impious Moorish hands; to drive them from Asian lands, if possible, as they had driven them from Europe, and to supplant their infidelity by the true faith. Forts were built and military stations established. The western coast of the Indian peninsula was the first Portuguese base. Malacca, on the Malay Straits, was another. And even in the tiny islands whose names are still unfamiliar to us, Molucca, Amboyna, Ternate (the "Spice Islands" they were called, because cloves were first found there), even in that distant isolation, the adventurers made their settlements. Along with governors and soldiers went priests. Forts were built, also churches and schools—schools of the true faith (Santa Fé)—to train native converts for missionary work.

The fearlessness and daring of those early navigators (how truly admirable they are!) have veiled in romance the hardship, misery and cruelty which also are part of the record. It was not all smooth sailing,—from Lisbon to the "Spice Islands." The dreams of those Portuguese explorers who first saw Good Hope, Mozambique, Ceylon, etc., seem to have crystallized in famous lines of our English verse:

> As when to them who sail
> Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
> Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
> Sabean odours from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the blest.

Poets are sometimes thought of as using far-fetched fancies to ornament their lines. In this case, Milton certainly did not do so. The bright dreams and high hopes of the Portuguese adventurers made vivid impressions in the world's astral light. So vivid were those pictures, that Milton, a century and a half later, seeing them, reproduced them in his verse. "Araby the blest!" The East proved so to some. But to many, it was rather, "the curst."

The new-found eastern possessions of Portugal brought in quick returns. Manuel I, who reigned from 1495 to 1521, was the richest sovereign of Europe. The men and the fleets that went out from Lisbon to gather "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind," took great hazards and suffered many hardships; but those who returned, did so with such glory and wealth, that the risks of the undertaking appeared negligible.

Francis Xavier, we shall see later, followed very closely the trail of the early explorers. He went first to their base, Goa, on the western coast of India. A few years later, he passed on to Malacca, and from there to the "Spice Islands."

Was there a hidden purpose that inspired all the courage and self-sacrifice of those navigators? Did their splendid efforts have no finer goal than an increase of material riches by "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind"? Should we regard those material gains as mere baits for the pioneer? Francis Xavier followed the wake of the navigators, forty-five years after da Gama's memorable passage. The spiritual treasure of India—that also, lay there for the taking! Xavier sought no gain for himself. The luxury of the East did not tempt him. He sought constantly to render greater glory to God. The men and the literature of India were there for his observation,—to give him new occasions for praising God. He was a Basque; as a child he spoke the Basque language. As a Basque, he had a certain "mysterious" affinity with the peoples of southern India, Dravidian peoples. And in Paris, he had studied philosophy. Presumably, he was in some measure prepared to appreciate the lofty philosophical teachings of India. Xavier may have been the likeliest individual available for the experiment we are supposing the Lodge to have made. He may have seemed so likely, that the experiment was tried. If so, how lamentable his failure! He was so gentle, so patient, so tender with the degraded and low-caste poor. He was full of sympathy for them. What a pity that he failed in sympathy for those of higher rank! He was too narrow of mind, too bigoted, to enter at all into their point of view. To him, there was no difference between a Brahmin, intelligent, moral, and devoted, and an outcast Mahometan. Both were heathens, outside the fold of the true faith. "We have in these parts," he writes, "a class of men among the pagans who are called Brahmins. They keep up the worship of the gods, the superstitious rites of religion, frequenting the temples and taking care of the idols. They are as perverse and wicked a set as can anywhere be found, and I always apply to them the words of holy David, '*from an unholy race and a wicked and crafty man deliver me, O Lord.*' They are liars and cheats to the very backbone. Their whole study is, how to deceive most cunningly the simplicity and ignorance

of the people."[3] Xavier's accusations against the Brahmins may not have been unmerited. The particular Brahmins with whom he came into contact were, probably, as evil as he describes them. But have not accusations similar to his been constantly made, without discrimination, against Catholic priests and monks, through all centuries, and against Protestant teachers, also? The difference between the theosophical attitude toward alien forms of belief, and the orthodox religious attitude, may be this: the man of orthodox religion discredits an alien belief because those who profess that belief are themselves unworthy; the theosophical attitude, on the contrary, is avid for truth, and is not discouraged by the evil lives of men, when it scents a new branch of the old path of discipleship. Consider the following paragraph from a letter written as Xavier was starting for Japan. It shows genuine pleasure at what he was told of monastic life there. So far, good! But after he reached Japan, he found that the Japanese monks, in using their rosaries, invoked the founder of their own religion. Xavier made some inquiries about this founder, Amida (a Chinese name for Buddha), who was universally venerated. He found that the Japanese books recorded Amida as having had many births. This, Xavier says, could "never have happened." Xavier concluded that Amida was not a man, but a mere invention or portent of the devil.[4] One wishes that the interesting narrative of the "good Paul," now to be quoted, might have led to a more fruitful conclusion.

"Our good Paul [a Japanese who had joined Francis at Malacca] gave me great pleasure once, telling me about a certain monastery in his country, where there are a number of members of the community who devote themselves to literature. He said that there was one who was their superior, a certain old man who appeared to excel all the rest in wisdom, and who from time to time makes an address to all the community assembled together. Then he bids each one of them by himself meditate for the space of an hour on some prescribed subject, such as this or another like it—what the soul might seem likely to say to the body at the last moment of their separation? what it will think, when it has been set free from its connection with matter, and finds itself in the severe pains of hell, or of the fire of Purgatory under the earth? for even these men seem to have got hold of some kind of knowledge of these things. When the hour has been spent in consideration on this subject, the teacher I speak of is wont to question his disciples one by one, as to what each one has found out in his meditation, and to praise them more or less, according to the merit of what they produce, or even, if any one brings up something which is quite unworthy of notice, he gives him a scolding. He told me also that these cenobites are in the habit of preaching to the people about once a fortnight, that they have a large audience of men and women, and are listened to with much attention and emotion, that often a good part of the audience, especially the women, are moved to tears, particularly when, as is often done, the orator displays a

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[3] *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier* (ed. by H. J. Coleridge), Vol. I, p. 157.
[4] *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 341.

painted representation of the torments of hell. So Paul told me, speaking of what he had seen."[5]

Francis went to Paris in 1525, connecting himself with the College of Ste. Barbe, which was popular with students of Spanish and Portuguese birth. The teachings of Luther were coming to the fore, and were a subject of debate, —a snare leading many away, and a sword dividing friends. Writing in 1535, to his elder brother, in Navarre, Francis attributes to Loyola's friendship his own preservation from those Protestant teachings, and also his preservation from a life of immorality into which so many students fell. Loyola, however, did not reach Paris until 1528, so that for three years, at least, Francis had to face alone whatever difficulties and temptations there were. He seems to have had sufficient moral strength to choose wisely, for when Ignatius arrived in Paris, he found Francis at Ste. Barbe, sharing an apartment with an exemplary youth, Fébre, who became one of the first companions. Ignatius, it will be remembered, was not a youth at that date. He was in his thirty-seventh year; and he was fifteen years older than Francis. The young man, Fébre, was soon won by Ignatius. Francis, though he felt the power and charm of Ignatius, held off. It may have been hope of success in the world that deterred Francis. His family had suffered a reverse, and he was feeling the consequences. He maintained the station of a gentleman, but it must have been with difficulty. His mother was trying through appeals to law, to win some restitution of the family estate. But in 1529, she died, and the elder brothers married. Francis was glad to accept from Ignatius, funds for the continuance of his university career. These funds Ignatius is said to have begged, during the summer vacations, going even into Flanders and England for that purpose. Just what Ignatius's method of obtaining gifts was, is not certain. Biographers copy, one from another, and the word, "alms," which they use, is very comprehensive. Ignatius may have found lay people of wealth to whom he could unfold something of his projects, and who were deeply interested. Such individuals may, with sympathetic coöperation, have made donations for the furtherance of his plans. It is quite certain, however, that Francis accepted money from Ignatius for his expenses in Paris. Writing to his brother, Francis says: "in the serious private inconvenience which the distance that separates me from you has often occasioned, he [Ignatius] has always come opportunely to my aid, both by putting at my disposal the funds which I needed, and by assisting me in a thousand other ways, either by his own means or by the intervention of his friends. And, in the second place, what is of infinitely greater importance, he has preserved the thoughtlessness of my youth from the deadly danger of forming friendships with men strongly inclined to heresy, numbers of whom are to be met with in the present day in this University of Paris; persons of my own age, who craftily hide under the specious veil of attractive gifts of cultivation and talent their corruption as to faith and as to morals. Ignatius alone has preserved my too yielding inexperience from engaging myself in these per-

[5] *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 184f.

nicious friendships, by showing me the mischief of wiles of which I was quite ignorant."[6] Xavier received his Master's degree in 1530, and, while continuing study for a higher degree, began to give lectures of his own upon Aristotle.

Beyond these few facts, practically nothing is known of Xavier's university life. Only one letter of that period is preserved,—the one already mentioned, written to his brother, toward the end of the residence in Paris, written to ask for funds. But in a letter written from India, in 1543, he expresses an opinion about universities which, probably, reflects his own experience in Paris. Indeed he mentions by name the University of Paris, and some of the professors. The letter was inspired by the need he saw in India for true teachers, and by the thought of the thousands of men in Europe who were wasting their lives studying and teaching things that are of such slight profit. Here is an extract from that letter. "It often comes into my mind to go round all the Universities of Europe, and especially that of Paris, crying out everywhere like a madman, and saying to all the learned men there whose learning is so much greater than their charity, '*Ah! what a multitude of souls is through your fault shut out of heaven and falling into hell!*' Would to God that these men who labour so much in gaining knowledge would give as much thought to the account they must one day give to God of the use they have made of their learning and of the talents entrusted to them! I am sure that many of them would be moved by such considerations, would exercise themselves in fitting meditations on Divine truths, so as to hear what God might say to them, and then, renouncing their ambitions and desires, and all the things of the world, they would form themselves wholly according to God's desire and choice for them. They would exclaim from the bottom of their hearts: '*Lord, here am I; send me whithersoever it shall please Thee, even to India!*' Good God! how much happier and how much safer they would be! With what far greater confidence in God's mercy would they meet their last hour, the supreme trial of that terrible judgment which no man can escape! They would then be able joyfully to use the words of the faithful servant in the Gospel: '*Lord, Thou gavest me five talents; behold, I have gained beside them other five!*' They labour night and day in acquiring knowledge, and they are very diligent indeed in understanding the subjects which they study; but if they would spend as much time in that which is the fruit of all solid learning, and be as diligent in teaching to the ignorant the things necessary to salvation, they would be far better prepared to give an account of themselves to our Lord when He shall say to them: '*Give an account of thy stewardship.*' I fear much that these men, who spend so many years in the Universities in studying the liberal arts, look more to the empty honours and dignities of the prelature than to the holy functions and obligations of which those honours are the trappings. It has come to this pass, as I see, that the men who are the most diligent in the higher branches of study, commonly make profession that they hope to gain some high post in the

[6] *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 32.

Church by their reputation for learning, therein to be able to serve our Lord and His Church. But all the time they deceive themselves miserably, for their studies are far more directed to their own advantage than to the common good. They are afraid that God may not second their ambition, and this is the reason why they will not leave the whole matter to His holy will. I declare to God that I had almost made up my mind, since I could not return to Europe myself, to write to the University of Paris, and especially to our worthy Professors Cornet and Picard, and to show them how many thousands of infidels might be made Christians without trouble, if we had only men here who would seek, not their own advantage, but the things of Jesus Christ."[7] This extract shows clearly what Xavier's feeling was about the University of Paris.

In the article on St. Ignatius, previously published in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, it has been told how Ignatius drew his companions around him, how they finished their studies, how they took their vows, how they planned to start from Venice for the Holy Land, and how they won favour in the city of Rome. We shall take up the narrative of Xavier's life from this last place.

While Ignatius was winning favour in that centre of Catholicism, there came to the Pope from the King of Portugal, through the King's ambassador, a request that several of Ignatius's company should be sent out for missionary work to the colonies of Portugal in the East. That request was not so much a bolt "out of the blue," as it may seem.

The incident will be recalled of the Director of the College in Paris, who, on account of a slanderous report given him about Ignatius, planned to punish and disgrace Ignatius by a public whipping. The Director's complete reversal of front, when he stood, privately, face to face, with Ignatius, seems sufficient proof of his genuine sincerity of heart. That man's name was Gouvea. He was a Portuguese. He was interested in religion and in the Portuguese colonies. He had made the Collège Ste. Barbe a centre for Spanish and Portuguese students. He had even succeeded in obtaining from the King of Portugal (John III) scholarships for preparing Portuguese students to do religious work in the colonies. Gouvea was deeply impressed with the genuine and extraordinary worth of Ignatius and his company. It was Gouvea who prompted the request which the ambassador brought from John III to the Pope. In pursuance of his own plan to further religious work in the colonies (as stated above), Gouvea urged the King to obtain the services of the extraordinary men (Ignatius and his companions), then in Rome. The King instructed his ambassador to inquire privately into the lives of the company. When it was found that Gouvea had not exaggerated the nobility and unselfishness of their motives, the ambassador was instructed to present his request.

It was Xavier, the Spaniard (he used the Spanish language in his letters), the Navarrese, the Basque, who entered the service of John III. In Lisbon he had an interview with the King and Queen. From the East, he wrote to the King, and he mentions him in letters to others. John III was the occasion of

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[7] *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 155f.

many high hopes in Francis; and, through the officials sent out in his name to the East, he was, indirectly, also the occasion of deep regrets to Francis, and, almost, of despair. The impression Francis at first gives of the King, is that of a man nearly ready to devote himself whole-heartedly to religion. Francis was a very acute observer and a shrewd judge of men, but, partly from his humility, and partly, also, from his incomplete "wisdom of the serpent" (though he had a goodly share), he did not make sufficient allowance for the effect upon others of what one biographer calls his "torrential personality." His sweetness, his charm, his true nobility, his one-pointed devotion to something outside of his own interest, his humility,—these magnetic qualities, quickly or slowly, overbore antipathy and hostility, and swept his hearers off their feet. Francis was humble and generous. He misinterpreted their warm professions. He thought such people had been won over to the Cause for which he was utterly giving his own life. It did not occur to him (it should have done so in order that he might take proper precautions), that it was to his own "torrential personality" that they were won. When that rushing torrent of magnetism had swept by, the self-interest of each individual usually claimed attention again, and held it.

Francis had the method and the fate of the evangelizer. The evangelizer stirs great action. And a reaction inevitably follows. A chasm separates Francis from Ignatius. Did Ignatius sigh when he read those letters,—ten thousand babies a month, one hundred thousand Christians a year?[8] Ignatius, for his part, could not be enjoined from speaking to others about Christ, but Ignatius set no value upon the response of the crowd. Quietly and with long patience, Ignatius fished for individuals. What tact he showed in "playing the line" for Francis himself! Undoubtedly, vanity was mingled with the worthy motives that drove Francis to his studies. Ignatius recognised the vanity, and made use of it to win Francis. How Ignatius "gave him his head!" By well-selected words of quiet praise, Ignatius led students to enroll themselves for Xavier's lectures. When Xavier's money was exhausted, Ignatius urged the completion of the university course, and offered the necessary funds. As his own life-work, Ignatius won a small group of companions, Francis, on the other hand, felt that he was enlarging the Kingdom of Christ,—at the rate of one hundred thousand converts a year. Ignatius does not seem concerned about large results. It is almost as if he were making a mould for the future, and taking infinite pains with the mould. Perhaps Ignatius was a disciple, while Francis was only a saint.

To return to John III, and his request for missionaries. John III ascended the throne of Portugal in 1521. He was the son of Manuel I, whom "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind" had made the richest of European monarchs. Wealth had poured into Portugal. But in order to acquire that wealth, brave men had poured out of Portugal. What enriched, also caused decay. The

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[8] Father Thomas J. Campbell, in his history, *The Jesuits, 1534–1921*, says Ignatius wrote to Xavier that quality should be the aim, not quantity. See pp. 72–95 in Father Campbell's book.

splendour of Portugal was of very short duration. Injustice, rapine, cruelty were shadows over all those eastern seas. John III did honestly desire that missionary work should be done. But Francis overestimated the purity of the King's motive. The King's attitude toward religion is described by the word, "secular." He reverenced religion, and was prepared to make sacrifices for it, within reasonable limits; he had not, however, even entertained the thought of devoting his life to religion alone.

It was to the Pope that the Portuguese ambassador made his King's request for some of Ignatius's company to go to India. It was to the Pope that Ignatius and his friends had vowed obedience—to go whithersoever he might send them in the interest of religion. The Pope is reported to have replied to the ambassador that it was too hazardous an expedition to be assigned to anyone—he would leave Ignatius free to act upon the request as he thought best. It is easy to imagine how Ignatius meditated upon the King's proposal, deliberately, carefully, repeatedly. Did his meditation reveal to him that a purpose of the Lodge might be furthered by that undertaking? Possibly. He decided to send two of his companions. Of these, one sailed from Italy for Lisbon. The other was to journey overland to Lisbon in company with the ambassador. As the day of the ambassador's departure approached, the companion designated to accompany him, Bobadilla, by name, lay very ill with fever. On the last evening, Ignatius spoke quietly to Xavier: "You are to start for Lisbon, to-morrow, and for India," he said, "in Bobadilla's place." There was no further notice. In the morning, Francis took leave of his adored friend, Ignatius, and of his companions. He never saw them again.

At Lisbon, Francis had a *succès fou*. His honest gaiety won everybody; his sincerity and genuine humility confirmed that first impression, adding a kind of awe. Here was a man with true gaiety of heart;—a nobleman, who, from choice, made his lodging in the alms-house of the city, and tended those who were repulsively diseased. It was easy to converse with him because he always began at the point where the other man was. Then, insensibly but inevitably, the conversation led on from where the other man was to where Francis wanted him to be. The man who had been accosted while playing cards, ended the card game by making his Confession, and going to the Sacrament of Communion. Courtiers, paupers, and prisoners, alike, were captivated by Xavier's fine breeding, by his sweetness and charm. The Court, he wrote to his friends in Rome, is more like a religious order than a Court. At the King's request, Francis organised the pages of the Court into classes for religious instruction, and, of their own accord, the lords and ladies came to him for Confession and spiritual direction. Very quickly the Court was "regularized"; attendants of all degrees, went weekly to Confession and weekly to Communion. Ecclesiastics were caught in the same enthusiasm. Captivated by Francis, their first response was a desire to share his mission to India. He was most hopeful of many companions. He wrote to Rome that he would be satisfied if he could take out twelve priests with him. Clergy and laity alike were kindled to generous fervour. It was proposed to build a house

in Lisbon where some of Ignatius's company could be permanently domiciled, and also to build a college at the national University (at Coimbra) where young men could be trained in accordance with Ignatius's principles. Finally, the King decided that Portugal needed Xavier and his companion, quite as much as India did; and he wrote to that effect, to the Pope and to Ignatius, asking that these two companions might cancel their plans for India and remain in Lisbon. It was a difficult situation. It was not advisable, while the Society was not firmly settled, to risk alienating so warm a patron as the King of Portugal. But it was arranged that Rodriguez (the second companion) should remain in Lisbon, as the King requested, and that Francis Xavier should carry out the original plan, and proceed to the East. When the day of departure arrived, there was disappointment for some of Xavier's hopes. The "torrential personality" had stirred the city, but, of the ecclesiastics, for example, not one appeared to accompany him. Francis had hoped to go to India with twelve priests to reap the harvests there; but his friend, Rodriguez, was retained in Lisbon, as just stated, and his only associates were a priest, Camerino, sent by Ignatius from Italy (not one of the company), and a stupid well-meaning Portuguese (not a priest), Mancias, who after causing endless anxiety in India, finally deserted. Disappointment did not daunt this spiritual adventurer. In April, 1541, in his thirty-fifth year, Francis went to the Lisbon wharves, from which in the course of a hundred years so many heroes and desperadoes had embarked. He went, not disconsolately, but as a man to his bride. The hawsers were loosened, the ships floated away. Out on the uncharted ocean, with heart bounding no less eagerly than theirs, Francis Xavier followed the foaming wake of Prince Henry, Diaz, da Gama, and Fernando Magellan.

What might have been accomplished for the Lodge and for humanity, if, in the matter of religion, Francis Xavier had been something of a desperado! Passage from the West to the heart of India was not to be opened for many a long century—not until H. P. B. broke the way. If only Xavier had not been so satisfied with his faith,—satisfied that it included the whole of truth! If only he could have felt, embarked upon a clouded inner sea, as that moral vagrant, Whitman, did! What treasures Xavier might have brought back from his passage to India!

> Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,
> Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
> For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go
> And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.[9]

C. C. Clark.

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[9] Walt Whitman, *Passage to India.*

(*To be continued*)

A "COLLEGER'S" PROBLEM

WHAT a pity we do not adopt that handy and neat phrase "colleger" from Kipling's *Stalky & Co.* We have no word describing the male who is all but ready for college. He is not really a school boy. Too rarely, alas, is he a scholar. He is not yet, in American vocabulary, a collegian. He is not a man. He is not a boy. Thank Heaven, nowadays, he is not often a hobble-de-hoy. "Squire"—the half way stage between Page and Knight—was used in the days of chivalry, but it has no such connotation to-day. So let us use this term "colleger" to describe the part-boy, part-man unit of to-day, facing life and its problems, pulled forward and back, thinking himself a man, yet knowing he is not; swept again and again by feelings, desires and even powers, that are the foreguard and even fore-bodings of manhood; feeling also the impulses, desires and irresponsibilities of boyhood, yet knowing in heart that that day has passed.

In short, do we not find a fairly exact correspondence with the state of so many of us, students of Theosophy, who have left the darkness of irresponsibility but are not ready to leave the twilight for the full light of the spiritual world—with this distinction: the "colleger" is circumscribed by facts, which only time may cure, while the wavering student is barricaded by fancies, which only his own awakened will may cure. Hence the problem of the "colleger" becomes of importance to us in our own endeavour to enter into true manhood—as we may, if only we will.

Rupert is such a "colleger." He has paid me the compliment of giving me shy half-confidences from time to time. Unwittingly he often reveals far more than he tells, or means to tell or even knows he is expressing. Rupert is having a hard time at school. He is positive that his masters are prejudiced against him, and that he does not "get a square deal." His masters are undoubtedly prejudiced, but a candid consideration develops that this is the inevitable result of reactions from Rupert's career at school. He may not be getting a "square deal," but he has not earned it. It is hard to get Rupert to see this. Dare we blame him? Do we not feel just as he feels towards the manifesting consequences in our own lives of our own acts; acts which we may not recall; acts which we did not comprehend at the time, nor can we see them even now, as certain causes of certain and inevitable effects?

Yet association for years with the T. S. should enable any one of us to give poor Rupert, or ourselves, light; to explain his problem, which we know to be also our problem, in his terms, so that his understanding may grasp the problem correctly, and thus enable him to work it out to a right and helpful conclusion. It is too general to say that Rupert, like us, is cursed with self-pity; is tripping over constant self-reference, and finds himself crowded in his concept of himself as the centre of his universe. Rupert could not understand that.

Does not diagnosis bring out that his trouble is that old, familiar, and devilishly persistent "wrong self-identification"?

Here again this will be "just words" to Rupert. Has it proved much more than that in our own cases, where we have the advantage, at least in theory, of being "grown-up"—so admitted, so considered, and, indeed, truly so, according to mundane standards?

It is said that since this is a universe, we may find universal laws in anything we may choose to study. What do I see out of my window, to teach this lesson of right and wrong self-identification in terms that Rupert may understand? Ah! there is an automobile. By Jove! it almost struck that old man! Wait a minute—was the automobile responsible? It is a mass of inanimate, immobile metal, wood and leather, gasoline and oil. None of its components has real motion above the plane of the atom—which is invisible to us. The automobile as such has no motion. Its apparent motion is the manifestation of a force apart from itself. We could say, "That driver almost struck that old man," or, if we felt the driver not responsible, we should say, "Thermo-dynamic force almost struck that old man." In ordinary speech do we not always use wrong identifications, such as the automobile has suggested? We ascribe to the vehicle the power in the vehicle—whether it be in the case of an automobile or in the case of a situation in life.

Rupert is suffering from a collision with a mass of inert material, which he calls, "the Faculty," and blames it for the bumping. What is the power in the vehicle which really runs into him? Is it not our old and well known friend, that "Law of Force" (and of Heaven!)— "For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction"? But reaction is not always instantly manifested—a point we are apt to forget. I put a jack under a car and twist and twist the handle. Nothing happens. Suddenly the car begins to rise. Reaction seems to be belated. It is not. It is cumulative. The first part of the reaction was not visibly manifest. But it was ceaselessly at work, however invisible it seemed.

Rupert committed many "little" acts that offended, or irritated, or tended to offend or to irritate his teachers. Each was so small to him that instantly he forgot it, but each was added to the others and cumulatively swelled the volume of force he was expending. "Many a mickle makes a muckle." Rupert was building up Force.

One day there came an explosion—Rupert was appalled; bewildered. He felt outraged. He knew he was most unjustly treated. The final act was so small it was contemptible for the Faculty to raise a storm over it. Rupert has some splendid qualities. One of them is imagination. Another is generosity. Best of all is a sense of humour.

It was said to Rupert: "Wait a moment. You have seen camels. Big, strong animals they are too. You know they carry heavy weights. Suppose I came to you and said: 'Look at this straw! Just think—a great, big camel broke down under it.' You would laugh. But suppose I had said: 'A camel was so over-loaded that when they added just this little straw, it was forced to

its knees.' You would sympathise with the camel, and object to the cruelty of its over-loading. So it is with the Faculty. That act of yours is small. It would be petty to notice it—if it were not 'the last straw.'"

Rupert laughed. He understood. He graciously forgave the Faculty. He felt he had made a fresh start. Everything was forgotten—by him! He became outraged, hurt, and much bewildered, when, however, he found that he had not worked a miracle of equally instant conversion in the Faculty. His sense of injustice again loomed large. Rupert was, however, still ignoring the working of the Law of Reaction. It had taken many little wrong acts, multiplied by time, to produce the Force manifesting in the mass of the inert material which he called the Faculty. He blamed the Faculty. He should not have done so. He should have held the Force responsible, and have blamed himself. If he does not like it to run over him, this self-generated Force, all he has to do is to use the wisdom gainable from the experience. It will be easy for him to become happy. It is entirely and solely in his own hands.

Many little right acts, when multiplied by time, will surely generate an equal Force, which will make the Faculty his friends. He expects an instant big reaction from a few little right acts. That is not possible. His loss of favour with the Faculty was not the instant reaction to a few little wrong acts. It took many, and it took time, to bring on the collision. It will take many, and it will take time, to produce a similar effect in the right direction. Can we bring this home to Rupert? Shall we bring it home to ourselves?

When "life is against us," will Rupert, and shall we, have the sense and courage to see that we are suffering only from the reaction of our own self-generated Force? Shall we have sense and courage to recognise the Law, and make it our servant—yes, and our saviour? Step by step, minute by minute, right little thought, and right little word, and right little deed, repeated, and repeated, and never relaxed, when multiplied by time, will surely, immutably, create an equal Force, operating in the Way we want to go. Is it a monotonous method? Did we find it monotonous getting where we are? We did not. Nor shall we, in the other case—if we use "memory, understanding, and will."

Our very discomfort and discomfiture of to-day may be used to cheer us. Are we depressed, deserted, and unhappy? Then, if we choose, we may be just as highly elated, companioned, and happy. We have proved beyond peradventure that we have great powers, with which to generate great Forces: then let us use these proven great powers to bring to us elation, companionship and happiness. Better yet—we drifted only to reach our present bog. Rupert slowly slipped along to where he is. Once we know our powers, however, we can hurry back. We may shorten time—proving, with Einstein, that it is not absolute! We can increase the frequency, and hence the number, of the right little thoughts, the right little words, and the right little deeds. We keep turning the handle of the automobile jack because we have faith in what will happen if we keep on turning—even if nothing seems to move. Have we more faith in a jack than we have in ourselves—"children of the Kingdom" that we are?

Here is where Theosophy will help Rupert—and ourselves, as he and we endeavour to work it into the fabric of our daily lives. If Rupert sees his lot as sheer arbitrary injustice, he deserves to be unhappy; but if Rupert and we will only awaken ourselves to the inescapable fact that Law rules everywhere; will seek knowledge of its working; and will use that knowledge, none of us will feel that there is injustice. More than that, if Rupert and we choose, the very "disagreeablenesses" and "unhappinesses" of our lives will become as impersonal and as unimportant as the pages of to-day's lessons in Spanish or geometry, except as steps in gaining "good marks."

It is all that old matter of self-identification. Are we to identify ourselves with the little wrong acts which must and will build wrong Force, or with the little right acts which equally must and will build right Force? Happiness or unhappiness—which do we wish? The choice is ours. More than that—as we choose, so we create, and create ourselves. Shall we be gods, or shall we be devils? We alone have power to decide.

If we can carry this forward, with courageous logic—logic as true as that which solves any geometry problem—we shall at once become impersonal towards the people we now blame,—when we ought to blame ourselves! We shall become impersonal towards Fate and circumstance. We shall recognise that we are, indeed, "Captains of our souls," and, hence, literally, "Masters of our Fate." Rupert will stop "hating" the individual teachers, who comprise the Faculty. He will realise that he is wasting power which he should use to secure the happiness he is intended to enjoy. When he "hates" the teachers, he really hates something in himself. It is not himself; so he will wisely use the power of detestation and loathing against what pretends to be himself. "Right self-identification" with the real Rupert, with the true, fine manhood he is already beginning to feel, will enable him to identify Faculty and Fate alike as his Allies in a common and glorious fight against the Germanlike Black Powers, that seek to make him a slave and to keep him a boy.

"Right self-identification" then may mean to Rupert, and to us, the joy of battle for a Cause, and may help us to become men, gentlemen, and "faithful soldiers and servants" of the Master and the Lodge. Is not such glorious happiness worth trying for? Is it not really easy to attain?

HENRY PETTIT.

This I ask Thee, O Ahura! tell me aright, that I may ponder these which are Thy revelations, O Mazda! and the words which were asked of Thee by Thy Good Mind within us, and that whereby we may attain, through Thine Order, to this life's perfection. Yea, how may my soul with joyfulness increase in goodness?—GATHA HYMN.

AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

IX

The New Kingdom (The Empire)

THE Great Hymn to Aton, found in only one of the tombs, and undoubtedly written by the King himself,[1] is the chief source from which we draw our knowledge of what the Aton faith really was. It was evidently part of the ritual celebrated day by day in the great temple at Akhetaton. There are a few incomplete versions called, for convenience, the Shorter Hymn; also we have many fragments of the Great Magnificat, in rather incoherent succession, scattered carelessly among the various tomb inscriptions, but apart from these there is only the one example, and this, unhappily, sadly imperfect.

The history of archæology is full of tragedies, but one of the most grievous is the story of the partial loss of this splendid Canticle to the Sun, a loss which might so well have been avoided. Davies gives a good summary of what happened. Speaking of that portion of the tomb where the Hymn was inscribed, he says: "As it was deeply buried in sand, both Hay and Lepsius [its early discoverers] shirked the task of excavation, and left the whole uncopied. [Hay wrote at the time: 'On the right side of the doorway is a large table of hieroglyphs, but to recover it would be a great labour'!!] It was not till 1883 that Bouriant uncovered it, and the copy that he then made and revised in 1884 was to prove the only complete copy we possess. A few years later, and apparently before any further copy was taken, a full third of the inscription was destroyed."[2]

The one tomb in which the Great Royal Hymn is found is the tomb of Ay, who, as will be remembered, was one of the pioneers of the movement, when Akhnaton was still a child. We give in full Breasted's translation, which is unquestionably the finest we have.[3]

The Hymn to Aton

Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of heaven,
O living Aton, Beginning of life!
When thou risest in the eastern horizon of heaven,
Thou fillest every land with thy beauty;

[1] In the tomb inscriptions the King is repeatedly referred to as the author of the Hymn.

[2] N. de G. Davies' *Rock Tombs of El Amarna*, Part VI, page 18.

[3] This is the earlier translation, to be found in Breasted's *History of the Ancient Egyptians*. There is a somewhat later translation of his, which may be a little more exact, but which is not so flowing. For the sake of uniformity, we preserve the spelling of proper names which has been used throughout this series of articles.

For thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high over the earth;
Thy rays, they encompass the lands, even all thou hast made.
Thou art Ra, and thou hast carried them all away captive;
Thou bindest them by thy love.
Though thou art afar, thy rays are on earth;
Though thou art on high, thy footprints are the day.[4]

When thou settest in the western horizon of heaven,
The world is in darkness like the dead.
They sleep in their chambers,
Their heads are wrapped up,
Their nostrils stopped, and none seeth the other.
Stolen are all their things, that are under their heads,
While they know it not.
Every lion cometh forth from his den,
All serpents, they sting.
Darkness reigns (?)
The world is in silence,
He that made them has gone to rest in his horizon.

Bright is the earth,
When thou risest in the horizon,
When thou shinest as Aton by day.
The darkness is banished,
When thou sendest forth thy rays,
The Two Lands [Egypt] are in daily festivity,
Awake and standing upon their feet,
For thou hast raised them up.
Their limbs bathed, they take their clothing;
Their arms uplifted in adoration to thy dawning.
Then in all the world, they do their work.

All cattle rest upon their herbage,
All trees and plants flourish,
The birds flutter in their marshes,
Their wings uplifted in adoration to thee.
All the sheep dance upon their feet,
All winged things fly,
They live when thou hast shone upon them.

The barques sail up-stream and down-stream alike.
Every highway is open because thou hast dawned.

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[4] Attention has often been drawn to the striking resemblance between The Hymn to Aton and the 104th Psalm, particularly striking in certain passages. Anyone interested can easily find the points of similarity by comparing the two.

The fish in the river leap up before thee,
And thy rays are in the midst of the great sea.

Thou art he who createst the man-child in woman,
Who makest seed in man,
Who givest life to the son in the body of his mother,
Who soothest him that he may not weep,
A nurse even in the womb.
Who giveth breath to animate every one that he maketh.
When he cometh forth from the body,
. . . . . on the day of his birth,
Thou openest his mouth in speech,
Thou suppliest his necessities.

When the chicken crieth in the egg-shell,
Thou givest him breath therein, to preserve him alive.
When thou hast perfected him
That he may pierce the egg,
He cometh forth from the egg,
To chirp with all his might;
He runneth about upon his two feet,
When he hath come forth therefrom.

How manifold are all thy works!
They are hidden from before us,
O thou sole god, whose powers no other possesseth.[5]
Thou didst create the earth according to thy desire.
While thou wast alone:
Men, all cattle large and small,
All that are upon the earth,
That go upon their feet;
All that are on high,
That fly with their wings.
The countries of Syria and Nubia,
The land of Egypt;
Thou settest every man in his place,
Thou suppliest their necessities.
Every one has his possessions,
And his days are reckoned.
Their tongues are divers in speech,
Their forms likewise and their skins,
For thou divider, hast divided the peoples.

Thou makest the Nile in the Nether World,
Thou bringest it at thy desire, to preserve the people alive.

[5] The other hymns frequently say, "O thou sole god, beside whom there is no other."

O lord of them all, when feebleness is in them,
O sun of day, the fear of every distant land,
Thou makest also their life.
Thou hast set a Nile in heaven,
That it may fall for them,
Making floods upon the mountains, like the great sea;
And watering their fields among their towns.

How excellent are thy designs, O lord of eternity!
The Nile in heaven is for the strangers,
And for the cattle of every land, that go upon their feet;
But the Nile, it cometh from the Nether World for Egypt.

Thus thy rays nourish every garden,
When thou risest they live, and grow by thee.

Thou makest the seasons, in order to create all thy works:
Winter bringing them coolness,
And the heat [of summer likewise].
Thou hast made the distant heaven to rise therein,
In order to behold all that thou didst make,
While thou wast alone,
Rising in thy form as living Aton,
Dawning, shining afar off and returning.

Thou makest the beauty of form, through thyself alone.
Cities, towns and settlements,
On highway or on river,
All eyes see thee before them,
For thou art Aton of the day over the earth.

Thou art in my heart,
There is no other that knoweth thee,
Save thy son Akhnaton.
Thou hast made him wise in thy designs
And in thy might.
The world is in thy hand,
Even as thou hast made them.
When thou hast risen, they live;
When thou settest, they die.
For thou art duration, beyond thy mere limbs.
By thee man liveth,
And their eyes look upon thy beauty,
Until thou settest.
All labour is laid aside,
When thou settest in the west;

When thou risest, they are made to grow
. . . . . for the King.
Since thou didst establish the earth,
Thou hast raised them up for thy son,
Who came forth from thy limbs,
The King living in truth,
The Lord of the Two Lands, Nefer-Khepru-Ra, Wan-Ra,[6]
The Son of Ra, living in truth, Lord of Diadems,
Akhnaton, whose life is long;
And for the Great Royal Wife, his beloved,
Mistress of the Two Lands, Nefer-Neferu-Aton,[6] Nefertithi,
Living and flourishing for ever and ever.

One of the first things we notice in this great Hymn, is that it is a pure Song of Praise and Thanksgiving. Nothing is asked, everything is offered. Its universalism transcends anything which has come down to us from Ancient Egypt, and it is clear that Akhnaton is endeavouring to substitute a world religion for the older, purely national faith; is striving to replace the Empire of Nations by a vast Empire of the Spirit. The earliest Hymn to the Sun which is known, a Hymn of the Pyramid Age, tells us, with that emphatic repetition so common to all Egyptian texts:

"The doors that are on thee [Egypt] stand fast like Inmutef,
They open not to the westerners,
They open not to the easterners,
They open not to the northerners,
They open not to the southerners,
They open not to the dwellers in the midst of the earth," etc.

But now, the ancient, proud isolation melts before the wide-sweeping, all-embracing love of Akhnaton's god, and the whole vast reach of Creation, sustained and nourished by Aton's love, unrolls before us, from the Great, Central Sun itself—the "Living Aton, Beginning of Life"—down to the minutest green plant. We see in Aton the Creator and Preserver of all lands, the Beneficent Father of all men alike. There is a clear recognition of racial differences:

"Their tongues are divers in speech,
Their forms likewise, and their skins,
For thou, divider, hast divided the peoples,"

but Aton is "Lord of them all," drawing them together as though they were one great family. We see the majestic sweep of the seasons, the endless succession of nights and days, the effect of light and darkness on the world. Akhnaton stands with wondering love before his god, whom he sees everywhere, quickening all things. So full is his heart that he must needs sing even of the little,

[6] Throne names of the King and Queen.

downy chicken, bursting the prison walls of his shell, that he may "chirp with all his might" in joy that he has "come forth," and "run about on his two feet," —a tiny, lusty, inextinguishable spark, loosened from the Great Central Fire of Universal Life. A beautiful noonday picture is given us of the cattle, resting tranquilly in their pastures, while the trees and plants, exulting in the hot sunshine, cast their friendly shade, and the sheep and birds and little "winged things"—the butterflies and tiny glistening insects with gossamer wings—all praise their Creator, each after his own fashion.

We see, too, how Akhnaton dwells on the out-pouring rays, and we note the three qualities inherent in these rays:—the *vitalizing power* (or energy), so strong that there is comparative cessation of life when the rays are withdrawn, as during the night hours; the *light* (or heat) transmitted; the *beauty* (or colour) as the result of light and heat. These three (recognised by the science of today as essential characteristics of the sun) were looked upon as different manifestations of Aton's *love*, and the down-streaming rays were Aton's means of communicating this love to his creatures. In this connection it is noteworthy that there was, at this time, a phrase much in use when referring to the ancient Sun-god Ra (who, as we remember, was closely associated with the Aton worship), which ran: "Horakhti, rejoicing in the horizon under his name: '*Heat* which is in Aton.'" This striking sentence, almost amounting to a title, added to the emphasis laid on the life-giving power in the rays, suggests unmistakably a clear recognition by Akhnaton of certain vital properties in the sun—those electrical and magnetic forces of which the sun is the vast reservoir, —the importance, as well as the actual existence of which, is supposed, by modern science, to have been unknown in the world of that day; and the prominence given to the "Heat which is in Aton" goes far to prove that the King had a source of information of which the world at large was ignorant,—a source from which all his wisdom sprang.

The strong emphasis upon this life-giving property in the sun, has been much commented on by Akhnaton's historians, and Breasted says: "In his age of the world it is perfectly certain that the King could not have had the vaguest notion of the physico-chemical aspects of his assumption any more than had the early Greeks in dealing with a similar thought." If, however, we believe that Akhnaton's wisdom did not originate with himself; that he was the humble servant of those Great Ones in whose hands rests the wisdom of the ages, of those "Shining Ones" spoken of in the Pyramid Texts, it becomes not only altogether likely, but more than probable, that he did grasp many of those facts in nature which modern science teaches us. In order, however, to comprehend the central idea of his teaching, we must realise that he penetrated those physical facts and saw them as *results*, not as *causes*. When, therefore, it is suggested by Breasted that Akhnaton anticipated certain pre-Socratic philosophers, we ask ourselves what is implied. The meaning is evidently this: that he believed the "heat which is in Aton" to be the equivalent of that Primordial Substance from which all things were said to take their being, and which was the supposed Ultimate Principle sought for so patiently and

persistently by most philosophers from Thales to Anaxagoras. This, however, from the point of view of the Aton faith, is to confuse the *means of communication* with the *Ultimate Principle*, and Akhnaton distinguished clearly between the two. To him the "heat which is in Aton" was only the outer, physical manifestation of the Flaming Creative Love which had called all things into being, and which was the very essence of the Hidden, Unmanifested Aton. Love was the "Spiritual Prototype," in the immaterial world, of the "heat" which supplied life and energy to the world of matter. Akhnaton certainly did believe in a Primal Cause—"When Thou wert alone" being a refrain in the ritual, as we have seen—but he did not look for it among natural forces, nor did he trace the variety of things to any one material source.[7] Back of Primordial Substance lay Primal Reality—Love—from which the visible universe sprang, but Aton, the Hidden and Unmanifest, remained an inexplicable, Ultimate Principle.[8]

Since the matter was given so much prominence, the question arises: exactly what was it that Akhnaton was trying to tell the world when he sang of the beauty of light, when he talked to his people of the mysterious yet ever present and exhaustless vital force which streamed in splendour from the sun? What did he mean by his emphasis on the "Heat which is in Aton,"—that life-giving, life-transforming heat? This light, this heat, was, as we have seen, the physical expression of the out-flowing Creative Love, which lay underneath and behind all things in the manifested universe; but what was this heat, this light in itself?

In *The Secret Doctrine* much is written about Fohat, that "Cosmic Energy" (vol. I, foot of p. 349), that "animating principle electrifying every atom into life" (vol. I, p. 44), and, though lack of space limits us to suggestions only, it will be interesting to see if any connections can be traced.[9]

First, then, we read (I, p. 579) of one of the "fundamental doctrines—namely that (a) the Sun is the store-house of Vital Force, which is the Noumenon of Electricity; and (b) that it is from its mysterious, never-to-be-fathomed depths, that issue those life-currents which thrill through Space, as through the organisms of every living thing on Earth." Compare this with the Great Hymn to Aton, and we are at no loss to find points of similarity in thought, and as a result of this comparison we are bound to admit that Akhnaton must have had an intelligent, perhaps a profound understanding of the radiant energy supplied by the sun, realizing very fully the potent effect of this

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[7] Nor is it likely that the Cosmogonic philosophers of Greece, when speaking of their Ultimate Principle as Water, Air, Fire, etc., are to be taken too literally, for they undoubtedly resorted to symbolism far more than is generally admitted. As it is evident, however, that this is not Breasted's view of their meaning, we are treating the argument from his standpoint.

[8] We are, perhaps, not wholly justified in using the philosophical term Ultimate Principle in this connection, and it should be considered in a somewhat elastic sense, since Akhnaton's cosmogonic ideas can only be guessed, and the Cosmos, as we conceive of it to-day, may not have been known to him. The point to remember, however, is that the King's imagination swept far beyond the visible universe; for back of the manifested Aton, who was adored in Nature's laws and forces, was Aton the Unknowable, whom, for want of a better term, we have called the Ultimate Principle.

[9] The edition of *The Secret Doctrine* referred to is, in all cases, the edition of 1893.

energy, not only upon vegetation, but upon every other kind of life, "from the planetary system down to the glow-worm and simple daisy" (I, p. 136). How much, from the modern scientific point of view, he understood of what, today, would be called the electrical and magnetic forces, can only be guessed, but that he felt and deeply appreciated their effect on nature, is more than evident in the religious texts and reliefs.

Then, again, we cannot but be impressed in the Hymn with the constantly reiterated thought that all creation is dependent upon the energy transmitted by the vitalizing, life-giving rays. We are told that these rays "nourish every garden," that "all flowers live," and "all trees that grow in the soil" thrive because of them, that "the fish in the river leap up" to greet them. In *The Secret Doctrine* (I, p. 136) Fohat is spoken of as the "Solar energy, the electric, vital fluid," etc., and as "the animating principle electrifying every atom into life" (I, p. 44). Fohat is also (I, p. 134) "that occult, electric, vital power, which, under the Will of the Creative Logos, unites and brings together all forms, giving them the first impulse, which in time becomes law." "Thou makest the beauty of form through thyself alone," we read in the Hymn.

We have seen how the beauty of light is dwelt upon, how "the Two Lands are in daily festivity, awake and standing upon their feet," because of this light which brings joy, happiness, vigour. In *The Secret Doctrine* (I, p. 163) it is said that Fohat, on the Cosmic plane, is "behind all such manifestations as light, heat," etc. Fohat is also spoken of (*Glossary*) as the Primordial Light. Further, we read (I, p. 222), "In the 'Beginning' that which is called in mystic phraseology 'Cosmic Desire' evolves into Absolute Light. Now Light without any shadow would be absolute darkness, as Physical Science tries to prove. This 'shadow' appears under the form of Primordial Matter, allegorized—if you will—in the shape of the Spirit of Creative Fire or Heat." Here we may find a suggestion of what would seem to have been Akhnaton's Cosmogonic ideas,—"Cosmic Desire," Aton's Creative Love, evolving into Absolute Light, which in turn becomes "the heat which is in Aton," and which, acting upon Nature, causes that ecstasy of life of which Akhnaton never tired of singing. In this connection we also read (I, p. 144) that Fohat is "the electric power of affinity and sympathy,"—"Thou bindest them all by thy love," sings Akhnaton.

Finally, those who doubt that Akhnaton knew anything whatever (so early in the world's history) of the "physico-chemical aspects" of any branch of natural science, may be referred to *The Secret Doctrine* (I, p. 736), where Madame Blavatsky says: "Fohat is the key in occultism which opens and unriddles the multiform symbols and allegories in the so-called mythology of every nation; demonstrating the wonderful Philosophy and the deep insight into the mysteries of Nature, contained in the Egyptian and Chaldean as well as the Aryan religions. Fohat, shown in his true character, proves how deeply versed were all those prehistoric nations in every Science of Nature now called physical and chemical branches of Natural Philosophy. . . . In Egypt Fo-

hat is known as Toom."[10] Now Atum, or Toom, was, as we remember, the Setting Sun and one of the Aspects of Ra (QUARTERLY, Oct., 1921, p. 151), while Ra, or more especially Horakhti, was closely associated with the Aton faith. As an Aspect of Ra, Atum was of course a Cosmic god, being looked upon chiefly as a Creator god—he was "Lord of Life" and "He who grants new strength to the gods"—and his worship was intimately connected with the Egyptian doctrine of immortality. In Atum, therefore, we find not only the creative power of Fohat, but also his power to immortalize, by his Fire, that which he creates. Atum is spoken of as the "Heart and Tongue" of the gods, and here we find our parallel with Fohat as the fiery heart and controlling power of the manifested universe, "synthesizing all the manifesting Forces in Nature" (I, p. 735); while as "Tongue," Atum is referred to, in one version of the XVII Chapter of the *Book of the Dead* (to give one example only), as "Thou who givest blasts of fire from thy mouth," also "he goeth round about heaven robed in the flame of his mouth."

There are many references in the *Book of the Dead* to Atum's lambent appearance; he is known, for instance, as "Thou Lord of the red glow," and is spoken of as he "whose flame shineth upon you." In a beautiful Hymn to the Setting Sun (Atum), found in a papyrus now in the British Museum, we read: "Thou shinest with thy beams, . . . thou openest up the path of the double Sun-god;" and Madame Blavatsky, explaining in a footnote (*Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 736) a similar reference, says that the "two lions" mean "the dual Force, or power of the two Solar eyes, or the electro-positive and the electro-negative forces." In Atum we find an analogy for the multitudinous aspects of Fohat in such phrases as: "The gods rejoice in thy splendid beauties," and "Thy forms are majestic," etc.

If we wish further proof of the identity of Atum and Fohat, who, as *The Secret Doctrine* tells us, "hisses as he glides," we can seek it in such a resistless passage as the following (to be found in a variant of the Hymn to the Setting Sun, Atum, referred to above): "He crasheth through mountains, he bursteth through rocks, . . . he shall come forth . . . in all the manifold and exceedingly numerous forms which he may be pleased to take." There, in truth, is a splendid picture of the fiery god, aggressive, challenging;—but Fohat is Lord of many aspects, he is, as the *Glossary* tells us, "formative" as well as "destructive," and it was the up-building, beneficent aspect upon which Akhnaton dwelt, and which was the spirit peculiar to the Aton faith.

HETEP EN NETER.

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[10] We leave the reader to study for himself this passage and its sequel, since, being a long one, it can only be referred to here. In what follows we give a few quotations from Egyptian texts, which we believe are not to be found in *The Secret Doctrine*, and which may serve to emphasize the connection between Fohat and Atum.

(*To be continued*)

AMMONIUS SACCAS

NEOPLATONISM is the general name for certain philosophical doctrines which were prevalent in the Roman Empire during the third and fourth centuries of our era. It was the last exfoliation of Greek thought and is usually represented as the final effort of paganism to justify itself and to check the encroachments of Christianity. There is a tendency among modern scholars to belittle its importance and to claim that paganism, far from justifying itself, succeeded only in proving its depletion of force and the superior vigour of its rival. It is argued that the Neoplatonists travestied the doctrines of Plato whom they claimed as their master, and that the Greek element in their metaphysics is encrusted with a mass of futile Oriental speculations and superstitions.

However, there are many objections to this argument. Neoplatonism lost its vitality during the fifth century and practically disappeared from Europe, but it was revived by the scholars of Arabia, Persia and Moorish Spain. It reappeared in Christian Europe at least as early as the twelfth century, for the Aristotelianism of the mediæval schoolmen was in large part a form of Neoplatonism modified by the Arabian minds through which it had passed. The discovery of a manuscript of Plotinus was one of the great events of the early Renaissance and since that time Neoplatonism has exercised a constant and important influence on modern thought, even while it has been despised.

The relations between Neoplatonism and Christianity are of special significance. It is sometimes assumed that the Christian religion issued as a finished product from the hands of Jesus before his Ascension. There have been zealots in every century, who have regarded all the subsequent development of Christian thought as a departure from the Master's intent. Of course, the Church has often justified such an attitude by its mistakes and by its recurrent corruption in thought and deed. But the question lies deeper. The Masters must work with frail human material and must suffer the limitations of that material. Jesus left a small group of followers personally devoted to him, but they were Jews inheriting the passions, the intolerance and the hard, practical minds of their race. Such a group could never expand into a larger Order, unless it assimilated other elements,—the wisdom of Egypt, the illumination of the Greeks, the fruits of ancient knowledge. One may believe that from the hour of his physical withdrawal the Master has laboured perpetually to bring more light and more wisdom to his Order. Paul appears as his first great emissary in that work, but not until the third century was measurable progress made, when the Church came into direct contact with the Neoplatonic School. The work was not finished, for after the fifth Century darkness and bigotry settled over the Western races and the Church has never fully recovered what was then lost.

Obviously it is incorrect to think of Neoplatonism as primarily an effort to keep the old cycle going forever. On the contrary, it may be represented as a bridge of thought between the pagan civilization and the new Order initiated by the Western Avatar. H. P. B. said that the Neoplatonists were the Theosophists of their time, and we may compare their work to that undertaken by the Theosophical Movement in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, which has once more raised a bridge between the present and the past.

The first and greatest of the third century philosophers was Ammonius Saccas, the founder of the Neoplatonic School. We do not know the date and the place of his birth, nor many details of his life. He was born of humble Christian parents, and he bore his surname because during his youth he was a porter in Alexandria and carried sacks of grain from the wharves of the city. We are not told what experiences turned him to the study of philosophy, but after a period of meditation and study he opened a School in Alexandria. H. P. B. writes in the *Glossary* that he was "endowed with such prominent, almost divine goodness as to be called *Theodidaktos*, the god-taught" and that "he honoured that which was good in Christianity, but broke with it and the churches very early, being unable to find in it any superiority over the older religions."

His School was founded in 173 A.D. (cf. *Key to Theosophy*, p. 202), and he seems to have remained as its head until his death (about 243 A.D.). We have no direct information as to his teachings, for it is significant that he left no writings. But his fame and greatness may be measured by the number and the distinction of his disciples. Among these were Plotinus, Longinus, Origen the Pagan, and Herennius. But Origen the Christian also listened to his words, and there is evidence that Clement of Alexandria was directly influenced by him.

It is generally supposed that Ammonius taught an eclectic metaphysics aiming to reconcile the systems of opposing schools, and to harmonize Greek, Egyptian and Oriental thought. He is said to have expounded the underlying unity of thought in Plato and Aristotle, and to have borrowed many ideas from Pythagoras and the Orient. Doubtless, we can learn much about his metaphysics from the writings of his followers, especially from the *Enneads* of Plotinus. But there is reason to believe that Ammonius himself regarded the reconciliation of opposing systems as subordinate in value and interest to the reconciliation of the *hearts* of men. Therefore, he testified to the reality of the "Golden Chain," the one Wisdom Religion underlying the mythology, the poetry and the philosophy of every human race. Also he inculcated the practice of constant meditation and of certain ascetic rules, which would enable the soul to cast off its veils of illusion and so to realize the union of all things in the Eternal.

H. P. B. makes these points clear in one of her first articles in the *Theosophist*, Vol. 1, p. 2–5.

"History shows Theosophy revived by Ammonius Saccas, the founder of the Neoplatonic School. He and his disciples called themselves 'Philale-

theans,' lovers of the truth; while others termed them the 'Analogists' on account of their method of interpreting all sacred legends, symbolical myths and mysteries by a rule of analogy or correspondence, so that events which had occurred in the external world were regarded as expressing operations and experiences of the human soul. It was the aim and purpose of Ammonius to reconcile all sects, peoples and nations under one common faith—a belief in one Supreme, Eternal, Unknown, and Unnamed Power, governing the Universe by immutable and eternal laws. His object was to prove a primitive system of Theosophy, which at the beginning was essentially alike in all countries; to induce all men to lay aside their strifes and quarrels, and unite in purpose and thought as the children of one common mother; to purify the ancient religions by degrees corrupted and obscured, from all dross of human element, by uniting and expounding them upon pure philosophical principles. Hence the Buddhistic, Vedantic and Magian or Zoroastrian systems were taught in the Eclectic Theosophical School along with the philosophies of Greece. Hence also, that pre-eminently Buddhistic and Indian feature among the ancient Theosophists of Alexandria, of due reverence for parents and aged persons; a fraternal affection for the whole human race; and a compassionate feeling for even the dumb animals. While seeking to establish a system of moral discipline which enforced upon people the duty to live according to the laws of their respective countries, to exalt their minds by the research and contemplation of the one Absolute Truth; his chief object, in order, as he believed, to achieve all others, was to abstract from the various religious teachings, as from a many-chorded instrument, one full and harmonious melody, which would find response in every truth-loving heart. . . . The Alexandrian Theosophists were divided into neophytes, initiates and masters or hierophants; and their rules were copied from the ancient Mysteries of Orpheus, who, according to Herodotus, brought them from India and obligated his disciples by oath not to divulge his higher doctrines except to those who were proved thoroughly worthy and initiated, and who had learned to regard the gods, the angels and the demons of other peoples, according to the esoteric *hyponia* or undermeaning."

H. P. B. again shows the importance which she attributed to the Neoplatonists by devoting to them the first eight pages of *The Key to Theosophy*. The following quotations seem especially apposite.

"Eclectic Theosophy was divided under three heads: (1) Belief in one absolute, incomprehensible and supreme Deity or infinite essence, which is the root of all Nature and of all that is, visible and invisible. (2) Belief in man's eternal immortal nature, which, being a radiation of the Universal Soul, is of an identical essence with it. (3) Theurgy or 'divine work' . . . a mystic belief that . . . by returning to one's pristine purity of nature, man could move the Gods to impart to him Divine Mysteries. . . . The chief aim of the Founders of the Eclectic Theosophical School was one of the three objects of its modern successor, The Theosophical Society, namely, to reconcile all religions, sects and nations under a common system of ethics, based on eternal

verities. . . . . Mosheim says that Ammonius taught that 'the whole which Christ had in view was to reinstate and restore to its primitive integrity the Wisdom of the ancients; to reduce within bounds the universally-prevailing dominion of superstition; and in part to correct, and in part to exterminate the various errors that had found their way into the different popular religions. . . .'" As said by Dr. Wilder: "Ammonius had but to propound his instructions 'according to the ancient pillars of Hermes, which Plato and Pythagoras knew before, and from them constituted their philosophy.' Finding the same in the prologue of the Gospel according to John, he very properly supposed that the purpose of Jesus was to restore the doctrine of Wisdom in its primitive integrity. The narratives of the Bible and the stories of the gods he considered to be allegories illustrative of the truth, or else fables to be rejected."

It is clear that Ammonius was directly connected with the Theosophical Movement and that his School was a genuine predecessor of the present Theosophical Society. Indeed, although the term Theosophist was frequently applied to individual saints and occultists during subsequent centuries, there is no evidence that any definite society calling itself Theosophical was publicly formed until 1875.

The Alexandrian philosophers may have been the first to use the term Theosophy as a single word, but they did not regard the idea as originating with Ammonius, who had only given Theosophy a form adapted to the needs of the time. Diogenes Laërtius attributes the origin of the exoteric teaching of Theosophy to Pot-Amun, an Egyptian priest and hierophant, and he tells us that the name Pot-Amun signifies one consecrated to the Amun, the god of wisdom and secret learning. Ammonius himself taught that his School dated from the days of Hermes who brought his wisdom from India (cf. *Isis Unveiled;* II, 342). In a similar spirit H. P. B. disclaimed all originality for her *Secret Doctrine*, and asserted that many of the ideas found therein had been common knowledge in the East for centuries.

Before taking up the philosophical writings of Plotinus and his successors in detail, a brief sketch must be given of the medium in which Neoplatonism was developed. Neoplatonism was in fact the culmination of a process which had been active ever since the conquests of Alexander the Great, five centuries earlier, had brought Greece into daily contact with Egypt and the Orient. The great commercial city of Alexandria in Egypt was in a sense the critical point of the fusion of ideas which resulted from the constant intercourse of Eastern and Western elements. But the first obvious outcome was not union but a new tendency to crystallize. Hosts of new sects and schools came into being, each despising all the others, even while it freely used their ideas. The multiplicity of Protestant sects to-day may give one some idea of the Alexandrian "confusion of tongues." There is a famous letter attributed to the Emperor Hadrian, which gives the views of the practical Roman mind upon the conditions of life in Alexandria: "You praised Egypt highly, my dear Servianus, but I have found here nothing but frivolity, fickleness and constant changes of fashion. The devotees of Serapis are Christians and those who are

called bishops of Christ adore Serapis. There is not a Jewish rabbi nor a Samaritan nor a Christian priest who is not also an astrologer or a soothsayer or who does not prepare philtres. The patriarch himself, when he comes to Egypt, is forced by some to worship Serapis and by others to adore Christ. What a seditious, vain and insolent race!"

But the elements necessary for a true fusion of ideas were still present in Alexandria. There was the tradition of the ancient Egyptian wisdom, the essence of which was the Logos Doctrine, as expressed in the Fourth Gospel of the Christians, that there is one Eternal Being from which the Cosmos emanates. There were the schools of the Greeks, who had come for so many centuries to sit at the feet of Egypt and who had symbolized the Logos Doctrine in their metaphysics. There were the Jews who contributed their genius for action.

If these three elements—wisdom, thought and action—could have been united and blended in proper proportion, the Dark Ages of Europe might never have ensued. In the soul of Ammonius Saccas such a true union seems to have taken place, but his disciples failed to carry on his work. Even his immediate followers, however high their talents and however excellent their motives, seem to have forgotten the main purpose of his School.

Is it only a fancy, that these three elements—wisdom, thought and action—have been again united to-day and are expressed in the three objects of The Theosophical Society?

S. L.

Suffer no anxiety, for he who is a sufferer of anxiety becomes regardless of enjoyment of the world and the spirit, and contraction happens to his body and soul.—ZOROASTER.

The flowers fade, and give lessons unto man that he is unwilling to profit by. Yea, the world itself will pass away, and nothing will remain but God!—ARDÂ VÎRÂF.

Contentment furnishes constant joy; much covetousness, constant grief. To the contented even poverty is joy; to the discontented even wealth is a vexation.

—CHINESE PROVERB.

MEMORY

TO the average man, memory is little more than a diary or a log-book. Last Monday he paid his bills, and the cook broke his favourite china bowl; six years ago at this time he was in France; to-morrow, plumbers come to mend the pipes, and the rooms must be made ready. It is a tool, an instrument essential to the smooth running of a well-ordered life. It exists within him, and, as it were, beside his thought,—sometimes clear and imperious, at other times, fleeting and wayward; or again nebulous and seen through a deceptive haze of feeling and desire. It is himself and not himself. What is it? He does not know.

We admire memory. It is an attribute of greatness, an almost necessary concomitant of genius. Men can win eminent places in the world by their memories alone, by the exercise of that one faculty. In a sense we estimate a man by the extent of his memory, and also by what it is that he remembers.

Here, then, is a talent of our common human nature which every true student of the Divine Wisdom must seek to understand and to master. We must wish to depend upon it, not to be dependent on it,—to use it, not to be its slave. Is it a machine,—a pigeon-hole or filing cabinet,—or is it a living instructor? Does it lie carelessly buried in the duties and petty concerns of daily living, used only for our accommodation in order to make life easy, to set us above our fellows, or to provide solace and amusement in idle hours? If so, the talent would seem deep buried indeed. For it may provide us, and it would appear that it might and should provide us, with the essential vision of that next step in our upward climb along the Path, which we so often feel we lack. Surely true vision, a real assurance that will enable us to take that forward step, can come only from past experience firmly grasped and clearly summoned to our aid. How many can command their own experience? How many find that memory plays them false? And a final question, which really sums them all: How should the would-be chela regard his memory?

Perhaps the cause of failure may be fairly divided between lack of understanding, inattention, and perverted use.

If we take up our theosophical books, or almost any manual of asceticism and religious practice, we shall find answers written on many a page. Memory must be trained and harnessed, memory must be purified, memory must be glorified, transformed, so that in heaven the past no longer haunts, nor bears a sting. These things have seemed a mystery to many, but our Theosophy should make the process clear. Let us see what it is that we may learn.

In its widest sense, memory is a primary and fundamental faculty, without which the self-conscious element in a man loses its coherence, and he becomes a derelict. Without memory, moral responsibility cannot exist. Without

memory, knowledge would lose all continuity and utility. More than this, feeling, knowledge, and will would be unrelated and mutually destructive, if memory did not intervene to make possible a plan and purpose for the whole. Memory, therefore, lies close to the heart and centre of a man's individuality, and links him in its higher aspects with the soul.

There is memory throughout the universe. The very progression of things implies memory. The sea-shell remembers the ocean it has heard; the acorn holds to the image of the oak—it never receives the impress of an ash or elm; the very worm or plasm remembers where danger lies, or where best to seek its food. There is a memory for each principle of nature, and therefore for each corresponding stage of life,—from the vague, instinctual reaction of primitive creatures, through the time-ordered recognition of sequences, seen in animals, to the self-conscious and deliberate choice of man (Manas), and the even higher "reminiscence," or synthetic memory of essentials (Higher Manas), which merges into immediate perception of the whole,—into Buddhi.

The recognition of this fundamental function of memory, its important place in the structure of an entire universe, should give us a sense of its importance. It is an essential basis in the formation of different orders of consciousness. Deliberately or instinctively, consciously or unconsciously, I tap that power, I use it daily in the affairs of life. How? Do I learn as does the worm or beetle, after a second or a third trial, what to seek and what to avoid? What memories do I choose, what memories brush aside or thrust hastily from view? Nay, let us ask further:—What has been garnered in the years rolled by? Are the little facts and events and speeches of the past few days, all that remain? Is the ready field of daily consciousness centred about the latest impressions, the new sensations, the last book read?

We see here, perhaps, an unsuspected responsibility,—which means an unrecognized opportunity. The field of our consciousness may be determined by the scope of our memory. If memory be an essential to the ordering and development of a manifested universe, it must also be an essential, not merely to the sanity and health of the ordinary man, but to the very existence of the spiritual man as well,—that man that each one of us "shall be." As every order of life has that quality and degree of memory necessary to the preservation and advancement of its kind, so the spiritual man must have a memory of a new and higher order.

There is often a confusion here, arising partly from lack of terms to express degrees of development. Memory as a function would seem to involve two aspects, corresponding on the one side with the Force, and on the other with the Substance sides of Nature (*Purusha* and *Prakriti*). To be complete, there must be not only the imprinted record or pictures made on the Substance side, but also the conscious vision which looks down upon and over the sequence of this record, reading and interpreting and understanding it. All Nature writes its record in the great Book of Life; different orders of consciousness visualize these records and read what they can. The simile of men of different degrees of education reading the same book may perhaps convey the idea. One of

them can hardly spell out the letters with labour,—recognizing and naming some, doubtful, perhaps, of others. Another will read easily, but will find the ideas too abstruse or difficult to master—which a third in turn can grasp quickly and decisively. Then there will come a genius who, by a mere glance at the open leaves, can, like Macaulay, gather instantly the meaning of the entire page. He does not stop for letters, nor for words, nor even for phrases. Finally, a chela will take the closed book, and after a moment's concentrated attention, will have assimilated the whole by one masterful effort. In this last example, the sequence of letters and words, conforming strictly to the dimensions of time and space, is surmounted by a single piercing vision into which all the preceding steps and efforts merge. The chela has ascended above the manifested world of duality and dimensions: memory becomes sight.

The record of every occurrence, every experience, every shade of thought, is written ineradicably in the Book of Life, in the all-pervading Astral Light. Those events which had the greatest power, the most of force and consciousness stand out in bold relief,—but none is too faint to leave its trace.

Man as we know him, is a congeries of memories—of records, on all the different planes—and of progressive and ascending abilities to read those records. There are at least four active kinds of memory corresponding with his four lower and most active principles; and there is also a fifth, which may be described as a product or synthesis of these four, using them simultaneously at will, yet detached from them, and able to be occupied independently with the affairs of its own higher plane. There is the memory of cells in the body, and of particular cells in the brain, which receive and register the imprint of physical and nervous sensation. There is the memory of the vital physical organism—the instinctive shrinking from approaching danger, the ability of hand or foot to adapt itself to a familiar task without conscious intervention. There is the closely related memory of Kama;—the pictures of desire, the faint or vivid store of feelings and emotions experienced throughout the span of life. Then there is the memory of Manas;—of the thoughts we have truly made our own and can summon at will; of our generalizations and judgments, whereby we sift and classify the value of our experiences; what we have read and talked about and meditated upon. Above and behind these four, which act simultaneously, though often independently, there lies the (still largely instinctive) memory of the "heart" or soul,—of that immortal part which knows that it is, and has been, and will continue to be, the "thread soul," around and into which all the experiences of countless incarnations merge.

It is this instinctive, highest memory which bears witness to our truest Self, and which must some day come forth into full self-consciousness before the spiritual man can know himself as such, and claim his divine inheritance as a son of God.

How may we attain to this self-consciousness in the new order,—how establish a memory in the larger field?

The answer may be stated quite simply:— By lifting the lower and fixing them to the higher. In Nature's workings we find no breaks. Higher is

evolved from lower, sometimes by direct progress and accumulation, often by the addition and amalgamation of diverse elements. Man himself, we are told, is the product of three streams of evolution, and he has not yet come into his own, not yet claimed his rightful heritage. We must begin, then, by taking that composite instrument which roughly we call memory, and by turning it to a new account,—towards a higher end. This instrument man has evolved for his use, to meet his needs, and it is, therefore, directed, for the most part, towards his physical and psychic life. The things a man remembers best are the things he desires most often and most urgently to have. Except in the case of those who have undertaken special training and study, the vast body of human memories are concerned with strictly human wants. A few are intellectual, but still fewer spiritual. Here lies the field of our responsibility, if we would not shirk the task that lies ahead, if we would to-day commence building, as some day we must, into the future. We cannot hope to exist and to survive as self-conscious agents in the spiritual world, until we have created there an instrument commensurate with the new task,—nor can we expect some free gift from the gods.

It cannot seem strange to talk of creating a memory for the spiritual man, since so obviously we are responsible for creating it. "The becoming a chela *in reality* consists in the evolution or development of certain spiritual principles latent in every man, and in great measure unknown to your present consciousness." Latent in us, therefore, lies the Force aspect of our spiritual memory, —we must provide from below, as it were, the substance aspect, the record of spiritual acts and events. To exist as spiritual men, to win our membership as chelas in the Lodge, we must have acquired this fundamental faculty of memory in the new and higher world,—that faculty which abides in spite of the flux of things, and holds together the fleeting experiences of the moment, giving them continuity and unity. The spiritual man must possess his special memory to become conscious of himself.

It is by repeated sensations that ordinary remembrance is brought to birth. It is by means of many memories that at last a self-conscious Memory is achieved. Our new creation will not be accomplished as the result of isolated spiritual experiences, nor by the seeing of deep visions, nor by the knowledge of great truths. Such incidents and endowments, if fragmentary, will not constitute us spiritual men, for it will be still the familiar "we" that has cognizance of them. On the contrary, there must be an earnest, sustained effort for all that constitutes the higher life, a dwelling upon enduring realities in the mind by conscious acts of will and imagination—above all, by a complete turning of heart and interest in their direction, so that the merest details of life shall be seen only in relation to them. This will give body to our spiritual centre, transfer consciousness to that centre, and so bring to birth the necessary faculty—for faculty can alone arise out of continuity and accumulation of effort. In this manner we shall draw all experience up to the Higher Self, and live steadfastly in its light, for we shall have provided the sequence of spiritualized acts upon which a nascent spiritual consciousness can build a

sense of self. Sporadic achievement is not enough—all the books speak of the necessity for sustained and concentrated energy of application. As we literally make of our lives a living spiritual continuity (our old friends "recollection" and "right self-identification"), the higher Memory will crystallize and reflect back to us the best of ourselves, so that we may be aware of it, and come to know it.

Furthermore, we shall then learn that the past, as well as the present, can be compounded to our inestimable advantage, and made to serve our turn. Every fact that comes to our attention to-day, every fragment of knowledge we acquire, has value in proportion to our ability to deal with it and use it. To-morrow, when we know more, the fact of yesterday takes on an added weight and significance. When at last we turn, and seek to gather all we have to lay upon the altar of the heart, we find that we are not limited by our immediate capacity for active service, but that we can draw upon the myriad experiences of a half-forgotten past, which heretofore have lain scattered and wasted, a source, maybe, of pain from which we turned. At first we are "stung by the nettles of repentance," as was Dante standing this side the river Lethe, which bounds the Earthly Paradise. But in our eagerness to reach the goal set before us, like him we plunge in and cross to the other shore—"born again, pure and ready to mount to the stars"—we can no longer be held back by the mere pricks of nettles—we grasp and crush them, their sting acting as a spur to urge us on. Once on the other side, we find that the true river Lethe is the personality with all its desires, its gross egotism and "quality of darkness." If our heart be truly set on the new birth, we no longer care for the personality and its desires, and we gladly take from it the memories of our whole life, or of a thousand miserable lives, distilling them for the growth of the spiritual man. Here in the past is a rich treasure store, a harvest to be reaped, by whose help we may quicken the growth of spiritual selfhood, and act more surely and with greater vigour in each step that lies ahead on our upward way.

Memory is neither a plaything nor a burden; it is a key to unlock one of the Gates of Gold.

A. G.

If a man were really happy, he would be all the happier the less he were "diverted,"—like the saints of God.—PASCAL.

The men and women who reach the finest things in character and the largest usefulness are those who have learned in struggle how to be strong, and in suffering how to be sympathetic and gentle.—J. R. MILLER.

THE MEASURES OF THE ETERNAL MANDUKYA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

Om: this syllable, this imperishable, is the All. Its expansion is what has been, what is, what shall be. All, verily, is Om. And whatsoever else surpasses the three times, this also is Om. For all this is the Eternal, this is the Divine Self; and this Divine Self has four measures.

Standing in waking, outwardly perceiving, of sevenfold form, with nineteen energies, experiencing the gross, Common-to-all-men, this is the first measure.

Standing in dream, inwardly perceiving, of sevenfold form, with nineteen energies, experiencing the subtile, the Radiant, this is the second measure.

Where entering into rest, he desires no desire, nor beholds any dream, this is dreamlessness. Standing in dreamlessness, unified, a sphere of spiritual perception, formed of joy, experiencing joy, whose energy is spiritual consciousness, the Wise Seer is the third measure. He is Lord of all, he is all-knowing, he is the inner ruler, he is the source of all, the forth-going and the indrawing of lives.

Nor outwardly perceiving, nor inwardly perceiving, nor perceiving in both ways, nor a sphere of spiritual perception, nor perception, nor non-perception; invisible, inapprehensible, ungraspable, indistinguishable, unimaginable, unindicable, whose essence is realization of oneness with the Eternal, where forth-going is ended, still, benign, beyond duality, is held to be the fourth; this is the Divine Self, this is the goal of wisdom.

THE Mandukya, briefest and yet most inclusive of all the great Upanishads, undertakes to describe the universe in terms of consciousness and of vehicles of consciousness in four progressive degrees. There is only a passing indication of the objective world presented to consciousness through these degrees.

The philosophical justification of this treatment is the truth that consciousness is the one thing we know at first hand; objects we know only as they are reflected in consciousness. That we should ever know objects as they are in themselves, that is, unrelated to consciousness, appears to be impossible, a contradiction in terms; though we may and without doubt shall come to know them as they present themselves to a deeper and more real consciousness, thus knowing them more truly.

Science undertakes to describe objects as they are in themselves; but in reality science does not so describe them, since all observation rests on the impressions which objects make on consciousness, whether immediately,

through the senses, or mediately, through various instruments like the microscope or telescope, which are simply extensions of the lenses of the eyes. All scientific observation, therefore, consists of the impressions which objects make on what we may call the outer layer of consciousness; while all scientific interpretation is derived from certain deeper powers of consciousness, powers of which science, even while continually and consistently using them, gives no real account, but simply takes them for granted.

Science uses reason to reach its conclusions, and often uses it with admirable power; yet science does not appear to have begun by establishing the necessarily precedent thesis, that reason is reasonable, that it may be depended on to reach truth. That is taken for granted, to a large degree quite unconsciously, with no very clear realization that the problem exists. The truth would seem to be that this conviction that reason is a trustworthy guide is itself derived from consciousness, from a deeper layer than the layer which reasons, a layer which we may call intuitional.

Science thus depends on sensuous consciousness for its observations, on rational consciousness for its interpretations and, if we are right, on intuitional consciousness for the validation both of sense perception and of the process of reasoning.

We may, perhaps, postulate a form of consciousness even deeper than intuition, a consciousness from which we draw the conviction that there is a universe to experience and interpret, the consciousness of Being itself.

The philosophical justification for describing the universe in terms of consciousness is, then, the simple fact that there is no other way in which we can describe it. It is all a question of our consciousness, and of what our consciousness contains. This is the beginning. There is no indication of a possible end.

The Mandukya Upanishad describes consciousness as one, made manifest in four degrees, with appropriate vehicles. But form or shape, as we experience it in our ordinary life, is present only in the first two of the four degrees. The third and fourth are above form in that sense. There is, therefore, a medial line; below it is the realm of form, while above it principles or potencies take the place of form.

The idea of conscious experience devoid of form by no means takes us beyond what we already know. Take music, for example, a very rich and abounding field of experience. As music reaches our consciousness, it has no form or shape, in the sense that a picture, or a statue, or a building has form or shape. Yet we are clearly conscious in music of a quality which corresponds to architectural form, like that, let us say, of the Parthenon, or of a quality which corresponds to beauty of colour. And all music rests on the truth that it can and does render a great realm of our experience. And this it does without shape or form in the ordinary sense. So that we are familiar with one very rich realm of consciousness which is independent of form. We may, therefore, form a concept, however inadequate, of a realm accessible to consciousness, in which reality is manifested without form as we experience it; in which powers and principles take the place of form; the realm above the medial line.

To come back to the text of the Mandukya. The first paragraph outlines the unity of the universe, the unmanifest All and its manifestation; the universe in eternity, and its manifestation in the three times, past, present, future. The Eternal, the Divine Self, is made manifest in four realms, four ranges of consciousness; if we wish to find more definite terms, we may, perhaps, speak of these four degrees as that of the man, the disciple, the adept and the Mahatma. The first two are described in terms of form; the third and fourth, in terms of principles or powers. The third and fourth are above the medial line, above Maya.

The second paragraph describes the vehicle of the consciousness of the man, the physical body. It is sevenfold: head, upper and lower trunk, the four limbs. It has nineteen energies; namely, five senses or powers of perception, five powers of action, five vital breaths, to which are added mind (Manas), imagination (Chitta), the personal sense (Ahankara), and intelligence (Buddhi).

This vehicle with its range of consciousness is called Common-to-all-men (Vaishvanara); it is described as standing in waking consciousness, perceiving outwardly, and experiencing the gross; that is, having the experience of ordinary physical life.

The second vesture or vehicle of consciousness is called the Radiant (Taijasa). *The Theosophical Glossary* says that this term is used "to designate the Manasa-rupa, the 'thought-body.'" The vesture called the Radiant would appear to be what *Light on the Path* calls the astral body. Both words mean "starry." The Mandukya describes it as a subtile counterpart of the natural body; like it, possessing form and members, and with a range of corresponding powers. It is said to stand in dream; that is, a consciousness of forms, perhaps a four-dimensional consciousness.

The third vesture appears to be what Shankaracharya calls the causal body, of which *The Theosophical Glossary* says: "This 'body,' which is no body either objective or subjective, but Buddhi, the Spiritual Soul, is so called because it is the direct cause of the Sushupti condition, leading to the Turiya state." We have translated Sushupti by "dreamlessness," a consciousness above form. Therefore the causal body (Karana sharira) is the vesture of a consciousness and a range of powers, which we have suggested may be the consciousness and powers of the adept. Of this consciousness, the Mandukya says that it is "unified, a sphere of spiritual perception, formed of joy, experiencing joy, whose energy is spiritual consciousness (Chetas)." And to this vesture with its consciousness is given the name "the Wise Seer" (Prajna). He is the Lord of all, all-knowing, the inner ruler. The concluding phrases of this paragraph: "the source of all, the forth-going and indrawing of lives," refer to the causal body, which, according to Shankaracharya, is "the cause and substance of the two other bodies," sending them forth in the series of lives, and, when each life is completed, drawing back the spiritual substance and force into itself; in this sense, the inner ruler of the whole series of lives.

The word Turiya, already cited, which is applied to the higher of the two ranges of spiritual consciousness above the realm of form, is simply the ordinal

number, "fourth." That consciousness is called by the Mandukya "Atma," which we have rendered "Divine Self." It appears to be a consciousness beyond individuality, which is in one sense the most fundamental thing in our present experience. And because this consciousness beyond individuality so completely transcends our experience, the Mandukya defines it almost wholly by negatives: "invisible, inapprehensible, ungraspable, indistinguishable, unimaginable, unindicable," adding the one positive indication: "whose essence is realization of oneness with the Eternal."

The second part of the Mandukya covers the same ground. Its purpose is, to correlate what has been said with the syllable Om; to show how the sacred syllable Om carries in itself the concentrated meaning of the whole teaching. The Sanskrit word translated "syllable" means "that which cannot be diminished, that which is imperishable."

This is the Divine Self referred to the sacred syllable, the Om according to its measures; the stages are the measures, and the measures are the stages: a-u-m.

Standing in waking consciousness, Common-to-all-men, is the sound a: the first measure, from obtaining (apti) and from being first (adi-mattva). He indeed obtains all his desires, he is first, who thus knows.

Standing in dream, Radiant, is the sound u: the second measure, from exalting (utkarsha) and from being intermediate (ubhayatva). He indeed exalts the continuity of wisdom, he becomes unified, nor in his family is any born not knowing the Eternal, who thus knows.

Standing in dreamlessness, the Wise Seer, is the sound m: the third measure, from overcoming (miti) or from entering (apiti). He indeed overcomes this world and becomes the entrance, who thus knows.

Without measure is the fourth, inapprehensible, where going forth is ended, benign, beyond duality. Thus Om is the Divine Self. Through the Self he enters into the Divine Self, who thus knows.

Perhaps the only comment needed is that the Sanskrit words in brackets (apti, utkarsha, miti), which have as their initials the three letters: a-u-m, are in part mnemonics. It would be difficult to find exact English equivalents beginning with these letters, therefore no attempt has been made to do this.

The Mandukya Upanishad is the theme of many commentaries and explanatory treatises. It is evident that its full meaning can be understood only through growth, development, spiritual experience, in which the higher realms of consciousness are unveiled. The whole substance of the great Upanishads may be used to illumine this little treatise; and it is the virtue of the Upanishads, that they have much to say concerning the higher realms of consciousness.

The Mandukya Upanishad thus gives us an outline map of four realms or ranges of consciousness. Without doubt each of the realms has within it endless diversity; perhaps we may think of each as having seven degrees, and of these again as subdivided.

Taking this outline map of consciousness, it would be profoundly interesting

to inquire into the knowledge of each realm which has been recorded by the saints and mystics of the world, as something actually experienced.

For the great Christian saints, for example, we have the materials ready to hand in such a book as *The Graces of Interior Prayer*, A Treatise on Mystical Theology, by Auguste Poulain; mystical theology being the accepted term for the study of these higher states of consciousness.

For another field of spiritual experience, such a book as *The Mystics of Islam*, by Reynold A. Nicholson, will give us abundant material.

Or we may take the New Testament, finding in what Paul says of the spiritual body a commentary on what is here said of the vesture called the Radiant. So the phrase, "whose essence is realization of oneness with the Eternal" suggests the saying of the Master Christ, "I and the Father are one." And when in the words, "Before Abraham was, I am," Christ speaks of the past as the present, or of the future as the present, "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," we have the record of a consciousness which, in the words of the Mandukya, "surpasses the three times."

Thus we may use this outline map in preparation for our journey.

C. J.

He does the most for God who is the highest skilled in prayer.—E. M. BOUNDS.

The greatest and the best talent that God gives to any man or woman in this world is the talent of prayer.—DR. ALEXANDER WHYTE.

Prayer returns not empty; no tradesman trades with such certainty as the praying saint.—GURNALL.

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL

CHARTRES cathedral is thought, by many, to be one of the most beautiful monuments of the Middle Ages. It is possible that it served as the type of architecture which was followed throughout Europe; it is an expression of the soul of France, and embodies what is best and noblest in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The cathedral is a living witness to the faith and devotion, the chivalry and romance and art of the time; it has also much of the mysticism of the ages of faith. Those who built it were, in a true sense, mystics, and they have kept their secret, for we could not, in our own day, build anything like Chartres. The impression made on the observer is a profound and lasting one; he stands at the foot of one of the great pillars, and looks up at the forest of stone, and he feels that the builders understood something of the eternal mysteries, and caught the secrets of nature, and reproduced, in the stone, nature's perpetual adoration. Above, the stained glass flashes like living jewels, from the great rose windows of the transepts, and through the high windows of the choir, and from the side windows of the ambulatory where, in the subdued light, the colours glow and shine,—orange and flame and red, purple and blue. In the silence of early morning, or in the glory of the evening light, he who listens may hear voices of the distant past, and catch echoes of the prayers of pilgrims, and feel the heart-beats of vast multitudes, and sense the harmony that wells from the soul of that cathedral.

It is interesting to study its history. Tradition tells that it was built over a grotto where, in pre-Christian times, the Druids had set up a statue to a Virgin destined to bear a child. The early Christians built a chapel there, and in the eleventh century a great Norman cathedral was begun. This was destroyed by lightning before it was completed, in 1194. The vast Norman crypt remained, and on that foundation they rebuilt the present cathedral, in Gothic style. It was already a well-known place of pilgrimage, and, so great was the enthusiasm of the faithful, that the building progressed rapidly and the main structure was completed in 1220, the builders achieving a unity of design and purpose which is not often found. The cathedral was consecrated in 1260, in the presence of St. Louis and the nobility of France. In modern times it has been described as "*la cité mystique où l'âme rencontre Dieu sans effort,*" and Napoleon declared that "*un athée serait mal à l'aise ici.*" The heart of it is a reality that will exist when the very stones have crumbled to dust. Amid the psychic turmoil of the twentieth century the mediæval cathedrals, and all that they represent, remain as a bulwark and a stronghold.

Sometimes we speak with regret of those "ages of faith," when the fire of devotion was alive in the hearts of many, contrasting with the cold indifference of multitudes in our own times. The civilization that flowered in the twelfth century was inspiring in many of its aspects; religious enthusiasm was the mainspring of life and action,—at its best it was not a narrow dogmatism, but

an ennobling of all life with the radiance of the spirit. It is true that there was the brutality and coarseness, the ignorance and cruelty, the superstition and prejudice that belong to early civilizations, but there was also a fine energy and manliness, a profound faith and spontaneous devotion that have rarely been surpassed in later times. Chivalry was the ideal of service, the Guilds formed the basis of their social life, the cathedrals were an expression of their religious belief and worship. On the side of religion, we can learn much from the cathedrals and the genius that inspired them.

It is said that the building of such cathedrals was the outcome of esoteric knowledge, which was possessed by the few. That knowledge has been lost, and there is nothing, in modern churches, that can compare with the mediæval cathedrals, in their mysterious grandeur and serenity, and also in their wonderful acoustic properties. It is probable that the builders understood more profoundly the science of number, and used that knowledge in the creation of cathedrals such as Chartres, with the seven bays of the nave, and the apse supported by seven absidioles, the flying buttresses to correspond, and the three great outer portals, and the total of nine flanking towers. The portals are ornamented with sculptures that are world-famous; a detailed study of these proves that they reflect the life and spirit of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The south or royal portal is the oldest of the three; the sculptures are archaic in design and execution, but they have a charming simplicity and directness and many of the figures express a joy that is irresistible. It is the inner spirit shining through, *le reflet de la vision béatifique*, as one writer suggests. In one bay the nativity is represented; the Child is not shown in the manger, but in a cradle on the altar,—in that way the mediæval artists sometimes represented the sacrifice of the Incarnate Word, of the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Other subjects occupy the available spaces; we are, perhaps, surprised to find the figures of Greek teachers, representing the seven liberal arts,—Aristotle for dialectic, Pythagoras as the master of music, and so on. Again, there are realistic scenes showing the twelve months, with the appropriate signs of the Zodiac. The artists of the Middle Ages had none of our rigid distinctions between religious and secular subjects, between spiritual and material things; all things are infused with Life, and all therefore contribute to the glory of God.

The sculptures around the north and south portals are of later date, and show more mature workmanship. The figures are so lifelike and human that they compare favourably with the most finished products of classical sculpture. The artists had a variety of conception and execution, a profound devotion and reverence, combined with a delightful wit and humour which have produced a work that has rarely been surpassed. There is a scene showing the last judgment; St. Michael weighs the souls of men,—the blest, with hands joined and eyes upturned, are marching into Heaven; the damned (bishops, and priests and all) are hurrying off into the mouth of the dragon. There is a splendid figure of St. George; on the other side is St. Modeste, a figure of exquisite charm and grace. St. Martin occurs frequently, for the faithful of the

Middle Ages had great love for that gallant saint, a horseman and fighter, a monk and director of souls. The north portal gives scenes from the Old Testament, and looks forward to the coming of the King; the south portal shows Christ in glory. In one bay there are scenes depicting the active and contemplative life of Mary, serene and beautiful, whether she is spinning wool or sitting in meditation.

Within the cathedral, around the ambulatory, there is another series of sculptures, but of later date. No tomb or monument might be erected to mar the virgin purity and grandeur and serenity of the cathedral. Decorative work was concentrated on the stained glass, the centuries that have elapsed since it was put in, serving only to increase the beauty of the colouring. One of the marvellous rose-windows, the *rose de France*, was the gift of St. Louis. In our own time they have hung two long blue pennants at the entrance to the choir; they stretch down from roof to floor, showing up against the tall white pillars: the blue of the kingdom of France. The colours in the windows are arranged to catch and reflect the full radiance of sunlight, which shows faint through the darker shades, and vivid in blue and scarlet and purple, and brilliant in gold and orange and flame. In a few instances the windows have not been filled with stained glass, but with *grisaille*, a plain glass, silver-grey. These were inserted where the lighting required it, or to afford a contrast; and they witness to the keen perception and artistic sense of the designer. The windows in the apse were given by different Guilds; the water-carriers presented one of St. Mary Magdalen; the armourers—as a contrast to their profession—chose St. John the Divine. From below, the observer finds it difficult to distinguish the subjects in detail, but if he climbs up into the triforium, to view the glass from a higher level, he finds that scene after scene unfolds in a pageant of colour and beauty; it is possible to make out the very expression on the faces of saints and heroes, as the right perspective is gained.

The cathedral was built as a great act of worship; man-made and God-inspired, it was the most fitting homage man could render to the Deity. If we view life in terms of Power, Wisdom, Love, we can find in every great and noble work some reflection of that Trinity. Vigour and energy and strength went to the building of Chartres; wisdom was its foundation, devotion inspired it. The cathedral was intended for that great act of worship and sacrifice, around which the ritual and ceremony of the Church was built up. Often men lost the inner meaning of the ritual, the mystery behind the symbol was forgotten, and it became an empty inanimate form. But the light and the truth that had inspired that worship, came from the Lodge; the ritual was a faint reflection of a great ceremony and a profound mystery. There is, in the soul of man, an instinctive need to worship; it is the soul's recognition of its own divinity, and of its unity with the Oversoul. "The whole of religion," says Lacordaire, "is contained in one great idea—the abiding Presence of God with men. Emmanuel, God with us; this is religion." The great cathedrals were not built to confine the souls of men, but to set them free. There is, about Chartres, a quality that the French call *élan*, which needs to be felt, and cannot

be described. The cathedral gives the right *élan*, that the spirit may rise up, above the lofty arches and the vaulted roof, beyond the flying buttresses and the tall spires, to that plane where time and space cease to exist, and true consciousness begins.

Too often our conception of "religion" is narrow and one-sided. We think of it according to our character and temperament, and dispute over the extent of its influence in our own lives. Students are not agreed as to the derivation of that word "religion," but it seems probable that it is akin to *re-ligare*, a "binding back." That is one aspect of religion,—restraint, renunciation, self-sacrifice. To that inner call, one man answers, "I will not be bound," and in so doing he chains himself more firmly by fetters of his own forging; others, afraid, stop their ears and pass on, feigning indifference,—and through long ages they remain asleep, till some echo of the Voice penetrates to their inner self and rouses them from their slumber. Others find their ideal in some expression of art, or music, or learning, or science, or philosophy, and whenever that ideal is greater than themselves, it lifts them up and makes for freedom; whenever it sinks to something less than themselves, they are dragged down, and become prisoners in their own house. That is no less true of aspects of religion, which may be narrowed down to mere superstition and prejudice, or become arid dogmatism or dangerous fanaticism. *Religare* is a "binding back"; some think of it as a return: the return of the Prodigal to his Father's Home. We have travelled afar, like the Prodigal, and that return is a long journey, set with hardships, but it is a joyful return after the bitterness of exile. By their devious ways, one and all will return in the fulness of time. "In whatsoever way men come to Me in that way I love them; in all ways men follow My way." The religious life means sacrifice, but it is the sacrifice born of our own limitations,—"all these through sacrifice wear away their darkness." Seen from above, in the radiance of the light, it is something other than sacrifice,—it is liberation. "Stablish me with Thy free spirit," is the cry of every living soul; but freedom of spirit is only gained through renunciation of the personal life, the transformation of the mortal man into the life of immortality.

Sacrifice, worship, liberation,—that is the true meaning of religion, which is the Way to the Eternal. The mystics saw three stages of ascent,—the purgative way, the illuminative way, the unitive way, and when they spoke of the soul's journey, it was from their inner experience. That word "mysticism" is too little understood in our day, when it is applied, without discrimination, to idle dreams or vain speculations. In reality it means something akin to "initiation," and belongs only to the realm of the spirit. "True mysticism," says one writer, "has this of a sacrament about it; the outer form is simplicity itself, the inner grace merges with eternity." The mysticism that inspires the Middle Ages, that is outwardly expressed in the grandeur and the simplicity of the cathedrals, is of that quality. From them we can learn that the religious life makes for liberation, and, having learnt, may help others along the road to freedom, the road that leads out of prison, into the "glorious liberty of the children of God."

S. C.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE student rose to his feet. "I am aware," he said, almost with solemnity, "that the Ancient has a 'concern'—to borrow an expression from our friend, the Quaker—and that he has asked that space may be reserved for it in 'The Screen of Time'; but space or no space, I have a Declaration which must go in. I admit the importance of a real 'concern,' but you will agree with me that a Declaration, particularly when it affects the liberties of this great people, and perhaps may enlighten a friendly nation, England,—you will agree with me that the importance of such a thing is supreme. Let me explain.

"Some forty years ago, Andrew Carnegie burst upon England with a hundred million dollars, a coach-and-four, and a book which he had sponsored, called *Triumphant Democracy*. A few of the English, who are simple folk, were irritated; the huge majority frankly envied him his millions and his coach-and-four and his notoriety, and thought Democracy must indeed be wonderful if it could produce all that. The English, being simple folk, have been grasping for more Democracy ever since, and in some ways have been more thorough than Carnegie's adopted countrymen, for strikes in England have multiplied wonderfully, and Lloyd George, the once triumphant demagogue, by reviving the Roman system of doles, has given all Englishmen a living who do not want to work. Beggaring the rich—money for Roman doles not growing on hedge-rows; making employment almost impossible by depriving the employer of his means to employ; giving doles alike to men who want to work and to those who want to loaf; declaring that his country's heavy burden is due to the French occupation of the Ruhr (!)—these are among the policies which Lloyd George inaugurated, which his successors are unwilling or unable to reverse, and which stand out among Democracy's especial triumphs in England.

"Yet Carnegie was a good man; he lived according to his lights; he did not know what he was doing: and a few, a very few of his adopted countrymen, as he drove through England announcing that Kings are effete and that Democracy had triumphed in his person (for that was the substance of his message),—the very few knew exactly what he was doing, and were neither envious nor irritated, but amused. Perhaps a ripple of their amusement spread to other ranks; perhaps Carnegie himself learned better (for that would have helped to still what he had excited): in any case, in this country, in spite of politicians and Labour Unions and the Yellow Press, Democracy has not triumphed as it has in England. It talks; it boasts; and once in a while it produces a Declaration almost as provocative of envy as Carnegie's four-in-hand. America still can lead England in those ways, because, as already said,

the English are a simple folk, ridiculous only when they think themselves clever (witness Lord Curzon's last despatch to France), and they are quite easily made envious. We have no desire to play unfairly upon that weakness, but as good citizens we are proud of our Declarations—we always have been—and we desire to prove that this country in any case is not effete—that we can still do as well as Carnegie in his day, though we have lost most of our millions, and Ford cars must now do duty for four-horse coaches. So we display this latest Declaration to the English, saying to them (again): Watch us grow! Behold the Triumph of Democracy! If girls can do this, of what should not men be capable—Englishmen at that!

"For girls composed it: mere girls. It was to voice a Protest against Injustice. It was at Somerset, Pa., where parents and teachers had combined to forbid rolled stockings and sleeveless dresses in the public schools. It was then that the voice of Democracy, deathless, uttered itself in song. The girls composed and the girls sang it:

"'I can show my shoulders,
I can show my knees;
I'm a free-born American—
I can show what I please.'

"England may still Aspire to that which we Declare.

"Meanwhile, as England proceeds to ruin herself, both financially and in reputation, it is comforting to realize that while, in the United States of America, Declarations can be tossed off with unfailing gusto, and occasionally with heat, there is no confusion whatsoever between these and an Aspiration, —between these, and Business.

"It is comforting also to realize that in no other country in the world are the police so autocratic,—the one good use to which the Irish have been put, for without them to crush the Russians, the Italians, the Germans, the Greeks, the Jews, the Slovaks, and the rest of our population, it is impossible to say what might become of America's immortal Spirit."

"So much for yours," said the Ancient, smiling at the Student opposite him. "There is no hurry about mine. Whether Declaration or 'concern' or merely a growl, mine is for the few, and the few are accustomed to waiting upon the many.

"My growl is against modern medicine. It has sunk to the level of modern astrology. In the beginning—far back, when Kings were Adepts—medicine and astrology were means to one end, and that end was the transmutation of evil into good, by co-operating with nature for the purposes of the soul. The aim of nature was seen to be constructive, and when man had perverted natural processes to his own selfish ends, and had thus set up reactions in himself, the pain of which drove him to the feet of the Wise,—it was their function to work with the 'healing power of nature,' and to guide the sufferer back to the path of self-restraint, and of obedience to spiritual law.

"The Wise knew that all our physical ills are the result of psychic ills, that is, of mental and moral ills, and that diseases, in most cases, are an effort on the part of nature to throw the poisons, thus created, down and out through the physical organism. They knew that natural processes can be aided and controlled (that even the lightning could be harnessed); but at all times they were the servants of the Divine Architect, checking nature at one point only to provide her with a better and safer outlet elsewhere.

"They knew that there is no such thing as the permanent cure of disease until its cause on the moral plane is removed. You can eradicate small-pox, but the real 'disease,' which broke through to this plane as small-pox, will break through in other forms—as influenza, let us suppose—so long as the cause remains active on the psychic plane.

"Now modern medicine has become absolutely materialistic. It deals with symptoms and attempts to remove them. It does not recognize the moral world as causal. When it seeks causes, at best it goes one or two steps back through the chain—for there are many links in the chain between moral cause and physiological effect, from psychic to astral, to electrical or magnetic, to chemical and so forth (I do not pretend to know them). Money and success too often are the motive of medical practice; or it is used as a field for 'trying things,'—a game, though perhaps played with the zeal which other men put into trying a new 'stunt' at tennis. The small boy loves 'to see what happens.' Many old men are small boys still. How many modern doctors would feel,—'I can serve God best by practising medicine, and so as to devote myself exclusively to that service, I must for ever renounce the comforts of home and wife and children, and give my whole heart and interest to study of the divine science'? Not until that attitude has been revived—until all thought of comfort has been eliminated as a right or as a reward—can medicine be brought back to where it once was."

"But surgery," protested our Visitor; "surgery has made enormous strides in recent years!"

"Superficially, yes," the Ancient replied. "As a child I played a game which we called Spelicans, and which others called Jackstraws. You tumbled together a number of curiously shaped slips of ivory. You extracted them, one at a time from the heap, without moving the others. Great skill could be acquired. The modern surgeon can remove you, a bit at a time—lungs, liver and lights, with bones as trimming—with amazing technique and celerity; but he has no least idea of after-effects, because his view of function is entirely materialistic. The removal of tonsils, for instance, will be a fad for a period of years, alternating, perhaps, with the appendix fad, until surgeons learn to remove them to their last root and filament. Tonsils, they say, are not necessary. Ask them what is the connection between tonsils and 'the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,' and they would think you were crazy. Yet, without going as far back as that,—what do they know of the catalytic action of tonsils? They see something of the immediate result of what they do; nothing of the ultimate result—just as a doctor prescribing acetyl salicylic

acid as a means to get rid of certain symptoms, sees something of its immediate result, but nothing of its ultimate result.

"I said that medicine has sunk to the level of modern astrology, which ought to be, as it once was, the science of celestial correspondences, indicative, among other things, of the soul's state, and of the individual's path to the eternal. Take up any astrological almanac for 1923; here is what they call a 'Guide' for August 22nd—'Buy, speculate, ask favours, travel, or remove before 10 P.M.' For September 5th, the 'Guide' says—'Be careful. Court in evening.' This advice, be it remembered, is based upon the movements of sun, moon and planets! The Magi lived in a corrupt age, but I suspect that the vulgarity of such 'Guidance' would have appalled them. The modern astrologer, however, is full of zeal; in most cases he believes sincerely that he can tell you when and when not to speculate, to buy, to sell, to court, etc., etc., with most likelihood of success. He seems really to think that such ends are worthy; yet, what are such ends, if not the avoidance of discomfort and suffering, the attainment of personal success and ease,—of your personal desire in any case? And what is the difference between that, and the motive which prompts most medical prescriptions? Even when a doctor is 'religious'; even when he has worked out for himself an idealistic philosophy of life, he seems to remain almost invariably a materialist in practice, with a drug, or, more often, a combination of drugs, to remove the symptoms known as indigestion, rheumatism, fever, catarrh, or what not. Allopaths and homeopaths alike do that, so far as I can see. Their methods are different, but their aim is the same. Practitioners of Bio-chemistry appear to get one stage further back in the chain that leads to causation; but dealing with finer substances and finer forces does not make them less materialistic fundamentally. Men have done marvels recently in the control of electrons; but radio is passing rapidly into the hands of Jews who use it for broadcasting 'jazz'. The ether rings with its hideousness."

"What is the cure?" asked the Recorder. "How about the law of supply and demand?"

"You mean that doctors will always supply what the public demands? In that case, part of the cure would be to make the public realize that it is being swindled; worse, that its collective life is in jeopardy, and that the most it can get from modern medicine is the transfer of discomforts from one pocket to another, so to speak. The public needs educating, but it has a high regard for its investments. On the other hand, even the broadcasters have learned that there is still some demand for good music. Always, among the public, there are a few who see further than the rest, and who desire better things. The rush for Coué ism proved a widespread ability, not, alas, to recognize moral causes as paramount, but at least to see that the psychic nature controls the physical, and can be used, in lieu of drugs, for the removal of many symptoms, —always symptoms! There are doctors, however, who would be glad enough to lead the way—to 'lead the demand'—if only they knew how."

"But how can they learn, unless they not only study Theosophy, he told

Divine Wisdom, but apply the result to their practice of medicine, and incidentally throw into the discard their materialism and most of their 'scientific' training?"

"That, of course, would be the ideal solution, though it would not help them in the least to acquire an intellectual understanding of Theosophy with the idea of applying it only to their practice of medicine. Unless they apply their understanding first in their own lives, they will remain blind to fundamentals and therefore to essentials. For a man to prescribe moderation in eating who himself eats immoderately, means, among other things, that he does not know what moderation is, and that his advice, even if it should bring momentary results, will remain sterile in the deeper sense; that is, he will not have affected the cause of the trouble in the least.

"However, it would be absurd to expect the spirit of discipleship, or anything resembling that spirit, except from the rare individual; but they might begin with much less. The best of the profession already admit they know nothing. They might move forward from that to the point of assuming that others may have known something; that in India, Egypt, even in Greece, there were those whose understanding of the whole nature of man—of man as an interblend of spirit, soul and body—was deep and real. Traces of that ancient knowledge are still to be found. Always when men have given themselves unselfishly, religiously, to the healing of the sick, not as a profession, but solely for love of God or of a spiritual ideal,—the old knowledge has come back to them in part. As the *Bhagavad Gita* says,—in the heart of a man who is truly devoted to the Supreme, spiritual knowledge welleth up in the course of time. There were, for instance, the monks of the earlier ages."

"Monks!" exclaimed our Visitor. "What did they know of medicine?"

"Sometimes they knew enough to let people die in peace, which cannot often be said of modern doctors," the Ancient retorted. "Please don't confuse them with Rome, with which they had no more to do than you have, unless Rome put them in prison for knowing too much. Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus were monks. Remember that in those days there were no doctors, except in the larger cities, and that for miles of country around them the monasteries supplied all the service which we now regard as professional—medical included. Every monastery had its garden of herbs. Bartholomæus Anglicus, of the Friars Minor, was accounted one of the greatest theologians of the thirteenth century, the age of Thomas Aquinas, but he was as famous for his treatise on herbs as he was for his lectures on theology."

"But do you seriously suggest that modern medical science has anything to learn from a thirteenth century treatise on herbal remedies?"

"Stop and think. Those men were not like the rash experimenters of to-day, 'trying out' the latest coal-tar derivative because it was praised in last week's medical journal. They began with an immense respect for tradition,—for the experience of hundreds of years. Bartholomæus would have studied the *Leech Book of Bald* on his knees, for the glory of God. Further, his premises would have been sound, instead of utterly false. He would have seen the body

as the instrument of the soul,—as an imperfect and often as a damaged expression of the soul. He would have seen both health and sickness—death itself—as means to divine ends, and always he would have sought to understand and to serve those ends, instead of seeing his problem as a separate and purposeless phenomenon. If only because of his self-understanding and high purpose, he would have known what H. P. B. told us,—that too much physical life kills (a doctrine of supreme importance in real 'healing'). He would have seen the universe around him as one, and as an extension, so to speak, of his own immortal spirit, God-created and God-maintained for God's own purposes. Respect for his ancestors, respect for antiquity, respect for tradition—so utterly lacking in our schools of self-complacency—would have encouraged his respect for the Bible (for all Bibles, if he had known of more than one, for he had a profound respect for, and constantly quoted the wisdom of Rome and Greece). Thus he would have taken very seriously the statement in Ecclesiastes that 'the Lord hath caused medicine to grow out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them, for with such doth he heal men, and taketh away their pains.' Consequently, instead of looking far off, or to the complicated, for his remedies, he would have expected to find his remedies within reach, through divine Providence; he would have looked for simple, uncomplicated means to further the divine ends. For example, as nettles sting, he would have expected to find an antidote growing near the nettle; and he would have been right, as all of us know, for the dock weed grows where nettles grow, and does remove the sting. Nor do I see why the leaf should be more effective today when prescribed by Homeopaths, in triturated powder form, as *Rumex*, for diminishing the secretions of mucous membranes, and for any intense itching of the skin, or when two of its chief constituents, tannin and crysophanic acid, are derived from other sources, and are prescribed by Allopaths,—I do not see why it should be more effective when complicated in these modern ways, than it was when prescribed directly by some monk of centuries ago, particularly as modern manipulations and 'improvements' probably deprive the remedy of its life, and of certain 'unnecessary' constituents (like tonsils!) which may be essential to counterpoise its active principles."

"I see," said our Visitor quizzically; "wild thyme would cure everything because it grew everywhere!"

"Not such a bad reason as you may suppose," replied the Ancient, unperturbed; "although not 'everything,' any more than it grew 'everywhere.' 'I know a bank where the wild thyme blows.' It was, as you suggest, widely used, and I imagine there was not a monastery in Europe, with any sort of a garden, in which it was not cultivated for medicinal purposes. An old book says: 'there is scarcely a better remedy growing for that disease in children which they commonly call the chin-cough [whooping cough] . . . it kills worms in the belly . . . it is excellent good for those that are troubled with the gout . . . it comforts the stomach much, and expels wind.' It is now known to contain a high percentage of thymol, one of the most popular of present day antiseptics, twin brother to phenol and carbolic acid, and preferred by many

modern authorities for destroying the germs of disease, for arresting gastric fermentation, for disinfecting septic sore throat, and for many similar purposes. Its use as wild thyme was, you suggest, a superstition; while, if prescribed as $C_{10}H_{14}O$, and made still more modern by being derived synthetically, from cymene, its use is scientific and legitimate?"

Our Visitor stuck to his guns: "They swore by mint as a disinfectant, or whatever the word was in those days; but mint does not seem to have accomplished much against the plague!"

"Nor does it seem that phenol, formaldehyde, cresol, perchloride of mercury, permanganate of potash, and the thousand and one other disinfectants of to-day, are able to accomplish much against the influenza! As for peppermint and spearmint, I see no reason why they should not be at least as effective as the modern menthol, which is derived from them, to the exclusion of their other constituents, supposed to be unimportant.

"One old writer assures us that he proved the value of mint by the following experiment: a quantity of air was made 'thoroughly noxious,' by some mice breathing and dying in it. 'This,' he says, 'I divided into two parts, in glass receivers. Into one I put a mouse with a sprig of mint, which lived very well, and the mint also flourished; but in the other, where there was no mint, the mouse died almost immediately.' He adds: 'wherefore this plain reasoning follows; that, as vegetables draw in by their leaves and roots the putrid effluvium of the air, so their emission of purified corpuscles contributes to making the remaining air more fit and wholesome for respiration; and from this circumstance I recommend all persons to use as many fresh vegetables as possible, and never to be without some sprigs of mint about them.'"

"Why not dried toads?" asked our Visitor. "I thought that dried toads were the most popular of all antidotes in those days?"

The Ancient laughed. "I have never tried them," he said, "and I doubt if the monks would have approved. None the less, there was a theory to support their use, and, as a theory, it seems to me to be at least as good as most modern medical theories—perhaps better. The theory was based upon what they called the 'sympathy and antipathy in natural bodies'; they had studied the loadstone carefully; they had observed that the colewort (cabbage) and the vine, if planted together, will 'give back and lean sideways, as if they really hated one another,' though, if cloth or paper were placed between them, this repulsion would not operate, 'because the corpuscles flowing from each are then stopped in their way.' Man was surrounded by invisible influences—'corpuscles' included. Some of these were evil, hostile, dangerous; some were good and beneficent. On the principle that like attracts like, and is repelled by unlike, many ancient writers insist that bodies composed of poisonous or noxious particles, such as quicksilver, a dried toad (!), hemlock and other poisonous herbs, acting by 'sympathetic attraction,' draw into themselves the 'infectious atoms' both in us and around us, while aromatic herbs and sweet-smelling flowers, used against hostile elements, act by repulsion or antipathy, and drive them away. Personally, I think it a very good theory, though I

am confident (as were the monks) that a man ought to generate so much 'sweetness' in himself—not a negative, but a dynamic sweetness—that his own 'effluvia,' as they called it, would be sufficiently powerful to repel all hostile influences, from the least to the greatest . . . In any case, if I had to choose—and I shall not have to choose—I would rather walk around with a dried toad in my coat pocket, than with the dried insides of some animal in my insides, glands or anything else!"

"What did you mean by the statement that too much life kills?" our Visitor asked, steering clear of the Ancient's final ripost.

"There you lead me away from monks and their herbs," was the answer, "to where modern medicine supremely goes to pieces; to where most can be learned, perhaps, from the ascetics of every age and persuasion. Too much physical life—too much *prana*—kills, said H. P. B. This is a physiological law, true of all men in all conditions. It has been suggested recently in France that the increasing prevalence of cancer may be due to the increasing consumption of sugar—of sugar manufactured from beets and sugar-cane. Sugar in chocolate, sugar in deserts, sugar in sweetmeats,—we know how its use has increased, in this country as well as in France. Now sugar in that form is a highly concentrated heat- and energy-producer; it is intensely 'vitalizing.' Taken in large quantities it is known to produce fermentation, acidity and other evils. It well may be that just as you can 'choke' a radiotron by feeding it with too much current, causing, as it were, a congestion of electrons, so you can 'choke' the human body with too much vital energy, causing a congestion of this energy at any point of irritation where the currents of life do not flow freely. That, however, is entirely speculative; nor do I believe that sugar can *cause* cancer: at most it would act as a contributing factor. But the excessive use of sugar is a form of self-indulgence, and self-indulgence, as every disciple knows, is the hidden cause of nearly all our diseases.

"There is the self-indulgence of the mind, first and foremost. This produces abundant physical symptoms, 'made-to-order,' as someone explained in the 'Screen of Time' about a year ago. Such symptoms are not produced deliberately, but instinctively, through the power of the sub-conscious self. Disciples, whether using our modern terms or not, would understand the method of Coué because, properly understood (and this means a deeper understanding than Coué's), they use it constantly against themselves. Understanding themselves—for they live on the principle that to know God, we must know ourselves—they understand human nature in others. They know the peculiarities of what we call the psychic nature. They know that in elementals, in children, and (to our shame) in grown men and women, the psychic nature thrives on attention. They know, therefore, that many a woman, no longer able to attract the attention she craves, as age deprives her of looks and energy, will turn herself into a chronic invalid, and perhaps will spend years on her back, suffering from all kinds of very real *malaise*, simply because of her sub-conscious desire to keep her husband in a condition of servitude, and herself as the centre of attention. They understand this, because they understand the

devilish trickeries of their own lower nature, in all its curves and contortions.

"Equally well they understand the self-indulgence of the body, as no one can until he has mastered it. Self-indulgence in matters of sex—which they recognize as the accumulated or immediate cause of the worst of human ailments—they have abandoned completely, but, knowing themselves, they wage incessant warfare against temptation.

"Remember, please, that they regard the body as a habitation. It must be kept intact; it must be kept in good repair; it must serve all the purposes of its master, the soul: but it must not be permitted to become a prison on the one hand, or an obsession on the other.

"That it may serve the purposes of the soul, rather than its own purposes, they realize that they must eat to live, and that to live to eat is to eat damnation daily, both physically and spiritually. Knowing that it takes energy to digest food, and that the least excess means waste of energy and worse; desiring to use every ounce of energy in the service of the Master whom they love,—disciples make it their business to discover the minimum amount of food which is needed to keep the body in a healthy and efficient condition. To eat something merely because they like it, would never occur to them. They must eat what is necessary, both in quantity and kind."

"Is not the flow of saliva controlled by our 'liking' for this or that food, and does not this materially affect digestion?"

"Doubtless; but the disciple enjoys his handful of rice, or his bread and butter, far more than the gourmet enjoys his sauce or his rich dessert. The truth of the matter is that the gourmet has stimulated his taste until he has deadened it,—until he cannot taste anything unless the flavouring almost explodes in his mouth. Literally, he does not know the sub-taste of anything. Salt has the same effect. An ascetic, confining his diet to the most simple and 'tasteless' foods, becomes aware of and enjoys flavours which the gourmet would envy. Having become, in one sense, indifferent to flavour, flavours rush upon him. It is the old rule: you have heard it applied in other directions!"

"John the Baptist was an ascetic, surely, and he is said to have lived on locusts and wild honey. Honey is sweet. How do you account for that?"

"Excellent," said the Ancient, "but not conclusive! It is not suggested that John purchased these dainties in the markets of Jerusalem, but that he picked up what he could find, and that both locusts and wild honey always being within reach, he made these his 'meat.' I believe, incidentally, that they would supply all the necessary ingredients, vitamines included, so dear to the modern theorist. If he had lived elsewhere, he might have used maize and olives and figs for the same purpose,—and figs also are sweet! There is an immense difference, however, both morally and physiologically, between a food and a flavouring, between figs and beet-sugar. Some people would insist that our modern sugar, both cane and beet, is entitled to rank as a food, seeing that it produces heat and energy. They would call it a muscle food. But do you know how the stuff is made?

"First the cane is passed between rollers to squeeze out the juice; then the juice is treated with milk of lime to neutralize acidic ingredients; then boiled to coagulate the albuminous matters contained in the juice, after which the excess of lime is carbonated by the passage of carbon dioxide. Next, the filtered liquor resulting from this preliminary treatment is evaporated *in vacuo*, and yields upon cooking a mixture of sugar crystals and syrup, the former being separated from the treacle by centrifugalization. It is refined by dissolving in water, and decolourization is produced by percolation through animal charcoal, after which it is again concentrated and crystallized. I will spare you the rest. But can you believe that the good Lord intended such a product to be used as human food? Can you wonder that it is 'heating'?

"Seriously, it *is* heating, and you will find even to-day, wherever so much as the tradition of asceticism survives, that the use of such sugar is regarded as an indulgence. The Lord made figs and dates and peaches and innumerable other things which supply all the natural sugar which our system needs (milk, as you know, contains a considerable percentage of sugar); but he certainly is not responsible for the unnatural processes I have described. You will realize, also, that because so 'heating,' it stimulates the lower centres, and thus the baser passions. Constant and strenuous physical exercise may enable the organism to dispose of it; but the man who is striving for discipleship is not looking for trouble, and will abstain from the use of such sugars so far as that is possible.

"This, I think, ought to be repeated again and again: *that mystical experience of any sort—experience of the Master, memory of past lives, recollection of the deep-sleep consciousness—is absolutely impossible so long as we cloud our inner senses with the fumes of food; and we shall cloud our senses in that way if we eat a spoonful more than is necessary, or permit ourselves to indulge any lingering taste for condiments, sweets, sauces and the various flavours which the Gita lists as 'rajasic.' Alcohol of course is out of the question.*

"We must pass from corruption to purity, on all planes and in all ways. To use another set of terms—though terms which have been dreadfully abused—we cannot heat the lower centres and start them vibrating, without robbing the higher centres, to which, if in earnest, we are striving to transfer our life. Nor can we honestly ask the help of spiritual powers so long as we cling to indulgences which are in flat contradiction of our prayers. We must choose: and the strange part of it is that whenever we abandon the lower completely, we attain for the first time the reality of that which we have abandoned. 'He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches: To him that overcometh will I give to eat of *the hidden manna.*'"

T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

DEAR——

Do not try to look ahead. There is never a blank wall immediately in front; it is always a step or two away, and we do not see it at all if we are concentrated on the duties of the *moment*. It will have disappeared by the time we have taken those two or three steps. It always does. . . .

I am sorry that you are not in better physical shape. You must do what you can to get your body well and strong. . . . I think you are quite right in thinking that your physical condition is not entirely physical. Robust health is like wealth—few people can stand it. . . . If you could be so interested in something as to forget your body, you would be well in two weeks.

You are all simply surfeited with advice and with knowledge which you have not yet put into practice. It takes time to build real things into the very fabric of our natures, and that is what we must do. It is not enough to want—no matter how much—to see the Master, to know him face to face. We must *do* things to get there—we must be things. We have to turn that desire, that yearning, into acts, into conduct, into daily, hourly behaviour. We must make our desire dynamic, turn it into work.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR——

This summer I expect you to grow tremendously—to digest and make part of yourself, all the advice and teaching and principles which you have received during the winter. Weave these into the fabric of your being. Make them a permanent part of yourself, so that people who know you will learn the principle, not by hearing it, but by seeing it lived. That is how we should all try to spread the Master's message and to bring his kingdom to earth. . . . Keep on trying. That is all any of us can do. It is all the Master himself can do. . . .

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR——

* * * * * * * *

You should review and examine all experience—inner and outer—with complete impartiality,—that is, just as if I were to relate to you some similar experience. You should look for the essence, for the spiritual heart of it,

encouraging yourself to cling fast to whatever was helpful, encouraging, invigorating in its effects. The form is nothing; the spirit everything. . . .

You must not worry about the future, about your affairs, about anything. Consider and plan and reflect, yes; for we must do our part in the game of life; but worry—no! For that is a reflection on the Master; it comes from lack of faith. We do not realise how infinitely easy it is for him to provide us with anything, with everything. A touch here, a turn there, a thought or two, and it is done. Money, power, position, anything, everything we need, just as and how we need it. . . . It is our intense desire to help our children, that enables the Master to do what is necessary for them: our desire followed by effort. We do not know just what is wisest—we feel our limitations, our inadequacy; but he will supplement this, correct our mistakes, supply our deficiencies, if we do our part.

* * * * * * * *

You long for the realities of the inner world—for a closer union with the Master,—for a truer and more intimate association with your real friends, inner and outer; and all this is well; we must have these desires, and they must grow more and more powerful. But also we must do something about it. We must turn this desire into motive power that will govern and control our actions, which will conquer our self-will, which will prevent our getting sulky and resentful, when told to do something we do not want to do, as you have been quite recently. It is not enough to suppress the outer manifestation of these feelings, although that is a beginning; we must not *feel* that way. It means that we have not really surrendered ourselves, but still have likes and dislikes and preferences which are stronger than our love of obedience. In plain words, we want to be good, but we do not want to be good as much as—at times we want to be bad. Do not be content to recognise that you are rebellious and sulky, and try to suppress it, but look deeper, and try to find out *why* you feel that way. Look for the fundamental cause. Is it pride? Laziness? Dislike of being bossed? Or what?

With best wishes, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

Dear——

You say constantly "I should like to *see* the Master."

Do not forget that you *feel* him before you *hear* him, and that you *hear* him before you *see* him. Therefore I suggest that you spend your time in meditation and prayer trying to *feel* him and not either to hear or to see. Of course I mean such time as you devote to this kind of effort. . . .

Go on trying as you have been doing. Do not let your resolution relax. Do not allow yourself any indulgences in your efforts. Try ever to have a higher standard, a more perfect accomplishment. You can be gentle and kind. Indeed, you are gentle and kind. That is your real nature. The other thing

is a growth which you must get rid of. And then you will act according to your nature, without effort. . . .

Sincerely yours,
C. A. Griscom.

Dear——

* * * * * * * *

Do not postpone starting all your personal rules and regulations for your personal life until later. Consider that the winter's work begins at once, and do you try, from the very beginning, to get into the best mood of which you are capable,—the highest sense of service, the deepest devotion, the utmost faith and trust, and so be in splendid shape to take up one by one the different activities as they begin.

I return the reports. They are very interesting, and I think your experiences genuine. But remember that they do not mean necessarily progress and gain; nor, on the other hand, would their cessation necessarily mean that you had slipped back. The Master often grants us favours because we need them, because we need inspiration and waking up. It is a bad rather than a good sign in this case. Therefore, when they stop, it may be because we stand so firmly on our own feet that we no longer need outside support. I suppose that in the last analysis any kind of an occult experience is a concession to our weakness or human need for consolation and support. Remember too that periods of dryness, even of desolation, are bound to follow such times of exaltation. I wish you would re-read chapter two in Father Faber's *Growth in Holiness*, particularly page 33; and also an explanation of the different causes of dryness which appeared in the "Screen of Time" about a year ago.

It seems to me that one of the things you ought to try hard to do is to carry into your daily work, into the atmosphere of your home, and into your contact with all people, some of the happiness and joy you find in your heart. *It is the way to keep the joy.* We keep all spiritual gifts by giving them. Give the Master to others and he will give himself to you. Give your sense of his presence and his actuality to others, and it will increase these things in your own heart. Carry him into all you do, into your conversations. You do not have to speak of him; but feel him, feel his love for others, and try to let that feeling come through you. Love others because he does, and in his way. . . .

Sincerely yours,
C. A. Griscom.

Dear——

You are mistaken in thinking you have no mind. You have a good mind, but you have not yet learned to use it, save in places; and that is a very different thing from having no mind to use. One of the things you need to do is to use your mind, to think things out, even at the expense of fatigue and discourage-

ment and apparent failure. Our minds are a part of us, given us by the Master, to use and use rightly. It will not do to thrust them aside and depend solely upon our instincts and intuitions. Most people depend too much upon their minds; you depend too little. You compare your mind with that of————. Please do not try to mould yourself on any other pattern, save that of the Master. If you tried to copy her, you would be more likely to copy her faults than her virtues. You each have many things the other has not, and that ought to be. It is not desired that any one should be other than the best and fullest expression of his own self.

When words from the Scriptures or elsewhere come into our minds, the test of their validity and of their source is their effect upon us. Were they inspiring —encouraging—stimulating? Did they continue to ring in our ears? Another can rarely interpret them for us. The same words produce different effects on different minds, and it is the effect they produce on *your* mind which is important; not what they mean to someone else. You see that after some days' effort to understand, you got the light you were seeking. I have no doubt that the Master does want you to carry his spirit and light with you so constantly that you can represent them to others wherever you go—publicly or privately. Apply these same tests to your other experience, about being tired of all this Church business; surely these words were not inspiring or encouraging or stimulating? Therefore you can safely assume that the first came from the world of the Master, if not from the Master himself, and that the others came from your own lower self. In olden times a nun would have said "from the devil"!

There is no reason why you should not be with the Master always, as you feel yourself to be sometimes. He is always there. It is we who leave him.

* * * * * * * *

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

Dear——

Last year about this same time I wrote you to watch for the physical reaction which is bound to come at the beginning of a holiday after we have been working hard for a long time. We have been living on our nervous strength, and so bank up arrears of fatigue which begin to come out as we begin to relax at rest time. It took a month last summer before you began to feel as well as you had before you left ————. It may take you as long this year. I repeat all this because I do not want you to be discouraged over what is after all nothing but a natural and purely physical phenomenon. Your first letter shows decided signs of disappointment because at the start you feel so dead and lifeless and inert. You will rest by degrees and get well and strong by degrees, so imperceptibly, perhaps, that you will not realise it; but it will come. We are all in the same case. ———— has not yet begun to get rid of the accumulated fatigue of the

winter. It is coming out in layers as he tries to rest. It will be weeks, I am afraid, before he begins actually to gain health and strength for next season. . . .

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

January 26th, 1916.

DEAR———

What you need is not a "stinging blow," but simply and quietly to *listen* to what has been told you about yourself, to which you do not listen, so full is your mind of your own ideas.

Let me say it again, for I am convinced that it is a sin that "is most grievous to the Master."

That sin is your attitude of *self-depreciation.* Such an attitude is paralyzing. It prevents your moving or feeling.

Think for a moment: if an individual be convinced that he cannot move, he makes it impossible for himself to do so, *by that attitude of mind.*

This is a well known psychological fact, as well as a spiritual one; and yet you tenaciously refuse to act in accordance with the law which it represents, and at the same time bemoan the condition which is altogether the result of this refusal.

All that you need is to be faithful and obedient to what has been told you many times on this subject, to give up your own will here and follow the directions indicated, even though these are not in accordance with your own opinion.

Do not again turn from this advice because it is not what you have planned and imagine that you want. Surrender your self-will here.

With kind regards, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

February 6th, 1916.

DEAR———

Of course a fuller recognition of the Higher Self is an opposite of self-depreciation, but it is too vague and remote as a working ideal.

You should try to get hold of your own inner self—the real you, all those things in you you like, all those things you would like to be, for you would not have any ideas at all about them, if your soul were not these things already.

It is perfectly possible for you to identify your consciousness with this, instead of with the faults and failings of the outer woman. Try it. Do it.

* * * * * * * *

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

July 12th, 1916.

DEAR———

. . . The more time you can spend in meditation the better, for meditation is the food of the soul, but do not waste time trying to meditate after you have done so for as long a time as you can without strain. We all have a natural limit which we must learn. Try it for ten minutes and increase the time to fifteen or twenty if you can. Do your prayers first if you find that gets you into shape to meditate. . . .

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

August 10th, 1916.

DEAR———

Self is of course the great enemy: it lies back of every form of sin—even the crude sins of the flesh, and the way to master it is the way you suggested,—little by little; by denying it, first here and then there, in almost any direction. It is hard at first, but gets easier; for not only does our will get stronger, but we create a habit of self-denial, and, furthermore, we begin to get the reward—a sense of freedom, as of being unbound, unchained; and more tangible if more subtile delights. The inner happiness of course comes too, as our inner life opens and flowers,—but you know all this already and have experienced much of it.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

September 24th, 1916.

DEAR———

We were all delighted to hear that you had finally found a fault which is not a scruple; but, such is our hard-hearted scepticism, we are still so doubtful of the accuracy of your diagnosis of yourself that I am going to ask, indeed I have asked,———— to let you tell her of your faults so that you may not run riot in a fictitious garden of them. No one, so far as I can imagine, is trying to convince you that you have no faults, but scrupulosity consists in our manner of looking at and treating them; and the reason it is so serious a condition is that, so long as we are under its domination, we never cure the faults. On the contrary they get worse and worse.

So talk the matter over with ———— whenever you have a conviction of sin, and she will help to straighten you out.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR——

There are a few simple things which I shall be glad if you will keep in mind. . . . You have got to be a saint: nothing else will satisfy your Master, or those lesser lights who are interested in you, or even me, who am in the same category as yourself.

It is important for you to study and to understand; it is more important for you to live the Life. Therefore pay particular attention to your half-hour meditation each day. This is a minimum and must be substantially increased as you go on. A saint cannot live in the world to-day and get along without several hours daily of prayer and meditation.

Mother Barat, whose life I recently read, said four or five hours was her minimum, and she liked six.

Believe me to be,

Yours very sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR——

I know of no easy way to learn how to meditate. You have, I presume, read Professor Mitchell's little pamphlet on the subject.

Meditation is the *fruit*, or consequence, of mental prayer. It (the whole process) turns into meditation automatically, when mental prayer turns into an activity of the heart instead of an activity of the mind. Therefore you must get feeling into your prayers.

First, vocal, set prayer.

Second, your own prayer.

Third, feeling about your prayer or in connection with it.

True meditation will not come until your feeling, started by prayer, carries you out of yourself, as it were, up into the causal self we were talking about last night. . . .

Meditation is nothing else but the consciousness of the soul. People who *are* the soul, in one sense meditate all the time. That is what constant meditation means. You actually do meditate a good deal, but you do not recognise that you are meditating when you actually are. You think of it as some method or way of thinking or working the mind. It is not.

Try any kind of prayers—written, or invented at the moment by yourself—which *move* you and generate feeling.

As for the Sacred Heart movement, do not trouble yourself about it. The Master starts scores of movements, of all kinds, to suit each temperament and quality and kind of mind. The ideal theosophist should get inspiration from them all, for he should be able to see the facet of truth which each expresses. But we are not ideal theosophists, and many of these movements leave us cold, or actually repel us. For the time being let us get our inspiration from the movements we like, and let the others go. Time enough to examine ourselves to discover what we lack that prevents our appreciation, after we have got all we can from those we like.

I think your general trouble is that your efforts are too discursive, too scattered, not sufficiently detailed and one-pointed. It is much better to do one or two comparatively small things, faithfully and conscientiously and always, rather than to try vaguely for general excellence.

The effort to continue doing the easy, small thing, when we do not feel like it, when we are without inspiration or enthusiasm, is what helps our will and our general progress. It is amazing how small a thing will accomplish really big results.

Suppose you select some small practice—something in your attitude, or bearing or manners which you think needs correction, and adopt that as your *point d'appui.* ———— could perhaps help you to select the practice. Try it. Try to make it a positive as well as a negative practice. If you select a particular fault or peculiarity to be overcome, try to see and to study its opposite and learn to admire and love it. In this way, and by working to acquire the virtue or "grace" which you admire, your efforts will be much more interesting as well as more fruitful.

As to questions: ask any questions you feel like asking, but do not feel obliged to ask them. There are some who can get help that way, and it does not follow that you are one of them. There is the path of silence as well as the path of speech.

On the other hand, it would help you at times to do violence to your own inclination, and to ask the question which you are least inclined to ask. You will understand this better if you think of someone who is always ready and eager to ask questions, for you can see that in many cases they would gain more by denying their own inclination than by gratifying it.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

Dear———

I find I have not replied to your last letter, and I am doing so now, not so much because your letter called for a reply, as because you may be waiting for an answer before writing me about other things which may be troubling you.

You ask me to tell you how to cultivate will-power. The answer is:—by exercising your will. This is done by making yourself do difficult things, or things you do not wish to do, or things you do wish to do in ways you do not like,—in other words, any activity that goes against the grain of your natural, lower inclinations.

It would cultivate your will power to memorize the differences between *The Secret Doctrine* and the scientific points of view, but I should try something easier first, something ———— will give you to do. You did not approve of ————'s first suggestion, but I should try it nevertheless.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

Three Years in Tibet, by The Shramana Ekai Kawaguchi, Madras, 1909.

The author, a learned and devout Japanese Buddhist, for some time Rector of Gohyakurakan Monastery, Japan, determined to make a pilgrimage to Tibet, to seek for copies of the authentic Scriptures of Northern Buddhism, on which H. P. Blavatsky laid so much stress. He spent months in Darjiling and later in Nepal on the Southern frontier of Tibet, studying both literary and colloquial Tibetan, and finally made his way across the frontier into Tibet, in the direction of the sacred Lake Manasarovara. He passed through many perils and had many adventures; on the whole, he appears to have written the best book on Tibet in any Western language.

The book seems to contain three things of special value: pictures of the splendid Himalayan region, painted with all the sensitiveness of a Japanese artist; an insight into the religious life of Northern Buddhism, which serves as a valuable running commentary on passages in the letters which Mr. Sinnett includes in his two books; and, thirdly, a vital insight into the spiritual life and experience of the author, as a devotee of Northern Buddhism. We shall try to illustrate briefly each of these three elements.

Speaking of Tsarang, where he spent a year studying Tibetan, Ekai Kawaguchi says: "In summer, simple as is the contrast between the verdant fields of luxuriant wheat, interspersed with patches of white and pink buckwheat, and the majestic peaks that keep guard over the plain and look ever grand in their pure white robes of perennial snow, the combination makes a striking picture. Throw into the picture a buoyant army of butterflies, that flutter up and down, keeping time, as it were, to the stirring melody of skylarks, which is now and then softened by the clear notes of the cuckoo . . . this is the picture of Tsarang in summer, when the day is bright and warm. But more sublimely spectacular is the view on its winter's eve. The moment the sun begins to descend behind the snow-covered mountains that rise about ten miles to the west of the town, the equally snow-robed peaks that tower above the Eastern range become luminous masses of coral-red, as the last rays of the sinking sun strike them. The ruby colour gradually changes into a golden-yellow, but that only for a moment, and it fades away to reveal huge pillars of silver-white, shining out majestically against the cloudless clear blue sky. The scene once more changes as the dusk deepens, burying the peaks in faint uncertainty, and the moon in her glory rises slowly from behind them, to spread again an indescribable lustre of cold—if coldness has a colour of its own—over the mountain tops, which now look like a vision of celestial seas hung in mid-air."

The Buddhist pilgrim has much to say, of great interest and value, regarding the Dalai Lama, the Teshu Lama, the Old Sect of the Dugpas with its evil doctrines and practices, and the New Sect, founded by a native of India, Atisha, and perfected by Tsong-kha-pa who, "perceiving the fearful state of corruption into which the Tibetan religion had fallen, assigned to himself the Herculean task of purging that Augean stable. He took his stand on the fundamental proposition that priesthood must stand on asceticism, that priesthood devoid of asceticism was also void. . . . A number of the supporters of his precepts were collected to form the nucleus of the new movement, and they raised the standard of a spiritual campaign at Ganden about forty miles from Lhasa."

For the spiritual life of this reverent Japanese, three sentences must suffice. Coming across the bones of forgotten pilgrims under the thawing snow, he says: "Many a time I prayed in silence for the repose of the souls of the poor neglected brethren, as we went along our way." Again: "I remembered with awe the omnipresence of our Lord Buddha, and was thus enabled to keep my heart under control." At another time, almost drowned in an icy river in the snow-swept desert, he records what he thought was his last desire: "O ye! All the Buddhas of the ten quarters, as well as the highest Teacher of this world, Buddha Shakyamuni! I am not able to accomplish my desires and to return the kindness of my parents, friends, followers and specially the favours of all the Buddhas, in this life; but I desire that I be born again, in order to requite the favours which I have already received from all."

C. J.

The Arabian Prophet, A Chinese-Moslem Work by Liu Chai-Lien, translated by Isaac Mason, Shanghai, 1921.

Ekai Kawaguchi, coming across Mahomedans in Tibet, was surprised to find them believing firmly in reincarnation, and even pointing to passages in the Koran which, they said, showed that their belief was altogether orthodox. While the Chinese Life of the Arabian Prophet does not speak of reincarnation, it does show very strong Buddhist influence at many points. For example, it is entertaining to find that the idols which the iconoclastic Prophet threw down at Mecca are called "Buddhas," and that he is said to have forbidden his disciples to *kotow*, to prostrate themselves before earthly monarchs.

But the Buddhist traces go deeper than the use of words like these. One gets a contrasted impression from the two parts of the book. First, in the chapters recording prophecies and early wonders, it is evident that all the trappings and circumstance of an Avatar, as conceived by a Chinese Buddhist, are fitted on the personality of the Arabian Prophet; so that one is inclined to say that the followers of Islam in China do at least gain a clear concept of the Avatar doctrine, even though we feel that the spiritual status of Mohammed falls far short of that exalted rank. Take the story of the announcement of the coming birth of the Prophet: "The greatest of Prophets, Mohammed, has received the beginning of life; henceforth every where under heaven there will be peace and tranquillity, and the world will be illuminated." This announcement is attributed to the spirits of heaven and earth, the flying things and quadrupeds, and all living creatures, exactly as at the incarnation of the son of Suddhodana at Kapilavastu.

In sharp contrast is the realism with which many incidents in the Prophet's life are related, such as this: "The Prophet's uncle Abu Lahab lived near to the Prophet and he reviled him and smeared filth upon his house, which the Prophet personally removed. . . . A great-uncle of the Prophet very much disliked that he should regard as wrong the teachings of the ancestors, so this great-uncle vowed that he would kill the Prophet, and on meeting him one day he threw a great stone which hit the Prophet on the shin and caused the blood to flow. . . ."

While this book is not original history, the Chinese Moslem who compiled it seems to have dealt faithfully with his Arabic sources, and, seeing the Arabian Prophet through Oriental eyes, we may perhaps escape some of the mists of prejudice which are likely to creep into a Western Life.

This history leaves the life and spiritual character of the Prophet of Arabia still problematical. He was evidently a seer, or at any rate a psychic of exceptional powers; he had a sincere reverence for the One Divinity; he was a dominant personality with a great gift for organisation, and he devoutly believed in his mission. Yet his weaknesses are conspicuous, and there is much in his life which the Chinese chronicler finds it necessary to gloss over, to spare Chinese religious feeling. On the whole, one comes closer to the Prophet through this book by a Chinese Moslem.

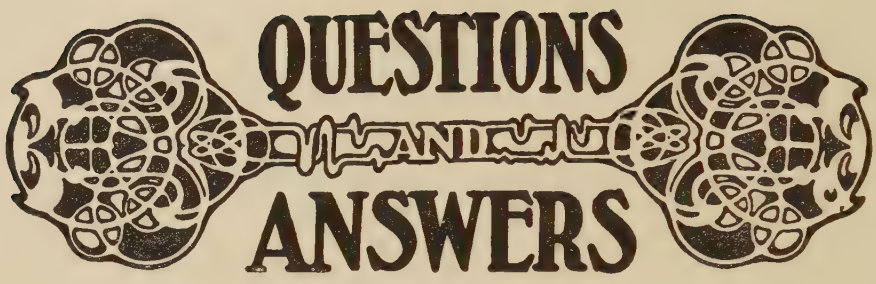
The pictures of mosques at Tientsin, Shanghai and Canton are very interesting and illustrate China's tolerance of foreign religions throughout long periods of her history.

C. J.

Outspoken Essays: Second Series, by William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's (Longmans Green & Company, $2.25).

A student of Theosophy may measure his own grasp of fundamentals by means of these stimulating and provocative essays by one of the intellectual leaders of the Church of England. Dean Inge is a Platonist almost more than a Christian, and this, not at all because he has seen singularly clearly that in its many materialisations, "secularised Christianity has neither salt nor savour" (p. 32), "serves neither God nor man" (p. 150). On the contrary, it is his whole intellectual approach to the problems of life. He reveals himself, at least in this volume of Essays, as a philosophical thinker. He holds, we think truly, that the Platonic conception of the Universe is the best philosophy available, though taken by itself it falls short of being a satisfying religion. This he finds in *historic* Christianity, because the *idea* of the Perfect Man was actually brought into manifestation, incarnated, in Christ. But when the Dean leaves the sphere of speculative philosophy—where he is at his best—and attempts to interpret the problems of politics, of government, of race-culture, of history,—he seems to lose hold of certain essential parts of the very truths his philosophy has led him to accept, and he casts around almost wildly for a theory which will solve to-day's problems for him. He acknowledges, for instance, that "the evidence of the saints seems to me absolutely trustworthy" ("Confessio Fidei," p. 15), and that "the whole process of Christ" means that "we, as members of his mystical body, are to die to our old selves, and to rise again clothed with the 'new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness' " (p. 46); but he would rescue the world from over-population and a steady levelling-down, by Eugenics (title of last essay; *cf.* pp. 175 and 237). All his practical arguments are tinged with this last thesis. He presents it,—defending it as "reasonable," in the vaguest way, and with none even of the guarded references to actual ways and means which Stoddard (from whom he quotes repeatedly) and Havelock Ellis do not hesitate to suggest, and from which the very instinct of the race revolts. (The Dean appears not to understand this instinct—it is "unreasoning"). Just as he compromises on this issue,—that is, accepts as inevitable the *status quo* of "human nature" with its terrible failings, and casts about for a "practical" way out of a material kind, rather than by allying himself unswervingly to a spiritual regeneration as revealed by Christ and the mystics,—so in the problems of forms of government, he cannot see a theocracy except in terms of human experience and failure,—in terms of the Roman Catholic Church or as developed by the Jews. The ideal world must be made manifest, yes—but still he cannot see that therefore the Kingdom of Christ is, and must be, a real Kingdom—the only real government. But despite what seems to us his inconsistencies, a certain truckling to the inevitableness of human failure, and no clearly formulated idea of what the next forward step of humanity will really be (regardless of his study of the mystics), Dean Inge has a splendid scorn for "ballot-box democracy" (p. 141). "The scheme of elevating the social organism as a whole without improving the individuals who compose it has only the result of degrading the individual still further" ("The Dilemma of Civilisation," p. 242); and he exposes the "unutterably shallow political thought of our time" ("The State, Visible and Invisible," p. 110) in a refreshing manner. He has also virtually accepted the idea of cycles,—though he uses it as an argument against ultimate progress. He sees the Great War only in terms of "catastrophy"; asserts that smuggling under prohibition is "morally justifiable" (p. 134), and states that there is nothing original in "Prussianism" because "it is carefully copied from Napoleon, its inventor" (p. 126). These quotations, while pointing perhaps to the generous admixture of chaff with wheat, at the same time should give an index to the trend of the day, and to the problems that are occupying men's minds in their search for Theosophy.

A. G.



QUESTION NO. 283.—*I have read that, just before entering into physical existence, its future life on earth is disclosed to the soul. To what extent are the circumstances and events of our lives predestined?*

ANSWER.—It has been said that, if we look, we shall find within our own experience the answers to most of the questions we ask. To what extent are our actions "predestined" so far as our experience with ourselves goes? How far are we free to act as we will to act, as our ideal bids us act? It is not that any Higher Power limits our freedom or dooms us to any fate less than the best. Each man is the master of his own fate, the "dispenser to himself of glory or gloom," who, by his acts of to-day, "predestines" the limits within which he will be able to act to-morrow. The man who never exercises his muscles predestines himself to weakness. If I indulge irritation and selfishness all my life, I cannot become sweet-tempered and selfless overnight. I am predestined to a battle before I can conquer the habit of a lifetime.

We ardently desire to give ourselves completely to the Masters' cause and to love them wholeheartedly. We find we cannot do it. Were we to try, we should find it even more difficult to give ourselves wholly to evil. We are bound by our own past, by good as well as evil, and can act in either direction at any given time only within certain limits. These limits must be well known to the Lords of Karma, who arrange the events of our lives accordingly. "No man is tempted beyond his strength." As a watchful gardener waters, sprays, or prunes a plant, or leaves it alone according to its needs, so our needs, determined by our past actions, in turn determine our outer environment and the events which "Karma" sends us.

A parent who really understands his son can predict fairly accurately what that son will do under ordinary circumstances; most of our reactions are so monotonously the same. That the soul before incarnation should see the outline of its future life and be shown its purpose, its opportunities, its crises of temptation, and the results of right and wrong choice, does not mean that the growth or experience of that soul is limited by any arbitrary decree. There have been, it is said, those who have done better than the Masters themselves dared hope, and no one would be more pleased than the Lords of Karma if by consistently choosing the highest within our reach we were to break through the frame of the picture which our souls were shown before incarnation.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—We have been told that the soul not only foresees in a measure the events of its coming incarnation, but actually chooses its future according to karmic law. One might see here a reconciliation of the doctrines of free will and predestination, since the soul of its own free will selects its own destiny. But even then, after coming to birth the personality may exercise its prerogative of free will and thwart the intention of the soul; it may make a mess of that incarnation and force the soul to start over again with much to undo. The soul is "predestined" to an eternity of bliss, but the successive personalities may delay its realisation of this through countless incarnations.

S.

ANSWER.—Every Teacher has taught us that the whole Universe is predestined. Yet, from another point of view, since man has been set apart in the animal kingdom by the gift to him of the power to choose between good and evil, it cannot be said that his fate is predestined. Rather is it in his own hands. Analogies in the third dimension are always dangerous, but they may be used as suggestions for meditation and consequent enlightenment. Let us suppose that our future life is revealed to us as in terms of a chess game, which has been played sufficiently for the game to have been developed into a combat, and to have passed the stage of manœuvering for a combat. We see how the pieces are placed. We know that there are an almost infinite number of possible moves. Mathematically speaking, we know that there must be moves and series of moves which will end the game. We have opposed to us an able and untiring opponent in the lower nature, which we have built up for ourselves, and which can only survive so long as it keeps the game going. As there are three possible ends for the game—a victory for ourselves, a victory for the lower nature, or a draw—and as all that the lower nature is interested in is to save himself, either by winning or by keeping the game going, it is evident that the chances seem to be two to one in favour of our opponent. This, by the way, seems only right if we are to develop ourselves as players. If the odds were in our favour, we should no longer be free agents, and there would be no growth of our power.

G. W.

ANSWER.—A spider caught in a bottle, is none the less free to move as he may choose within the confines of the bottle. It should be realised, however, that this is a physical illustration which holds good only while a man continues to identify himself with his body and personal consciousness, and while his "fate," therefore, may still be read astrologically by corresponding movements of the visible planets. Once a man frees himself from this illusion, and transfers his sense of identity from his personality to his real and enduring self, he has in effect removed himself from the "bottle" of our illustration, and is acted upon by forces so much more powerful than those of the physical and lower psychic planes that what otherwise might be his "fate" is affected beyond recognition, if not completely swept aside. Incidentally, of course, the astrology of the visible planets becomes in that case grossly misleading, unless the spiritual correspondences with those planets, and the movements of some of the invisible planets, are taken into account.

O.

QUESTION No. 284.—*If one can throw oneself completely into something which is an outer activity, ought it not to be possible to do the same on the inner plane? Why is it so hard to do this? Is it because the inner consciousness is limited so far as experience goes, and therefore one does not have sufficient faith that the aim can be accomplished?*

ANSWER.—The questioner gives one answer. Another may be that we do not desire the things of the inner or higher plane with that ardour with which we desire the things of the outer world. Also we are impatient and expect, with our poor efforts, to reach Heaven at one bound.

ST. C. B.

ANSWER.—To start a pump, an electric motor will draw sixty or more amperes of energy. Once started, the same pump driven by the same motor, will be kept going on one third of the initial expenditure of energy.

The average beginner never begins. He never overcomes the initial inertia of his lower nature, which is common to all of nature, and is in no sense peculiar to himself. When he "throws himself completely" into some outer activity, it is because he has imagined and has visualised some result which he desires. He is not always aware that he has done this, because in most cases his imagination has used him: he has not used his imagination. But the ease with which he has set to work and has obtained results, is due entirely to the fact that his imagination has done the work for him in advance—has aroused the energy with which to overcome the initial inertia of his nature. He can train himself to use his imagination deliberately in the performance of duties which he finds difficult, and which "go against the grain" of

his inclination. He should, for instance, if his task be the writing of a letter, sit down and imagine what he will say, before touching pen or paper. He will then find it easy to write what he has imagined. What he has learned in that way, he can then apply to the acts of the inner life; for the same law governs. He should imagine his immediate objective; he should imagine in detail the steps to be taken in order to attain that objective; and he must then without fail, take the first of those steps. He will soon find himself moving, and before long will be able to throw himself as completely into the performance of inner, as of outer activities.

If, however, he begins by declaring that he cannot imagine either his inner objective or any step toward it, he should read a book which suggests such an objective, and should stimulate his imagination by reading and by thought. If this does not help him, he can in any case go through the motions until something happens! The small boy who assured his mother that he did not feel polite, and that he was afraid it would be hypocritical to pretend politeness which he did not feel,—was told that good feeling follows good behaviour, and that "no behaviour" (inaction) is followed by no supper.

We are acquainted with several (outwardly) active members of the Society who complain, almost with tears, that their spiritual life is all "no supper."

H. E.

QUESTION NO. 285.—*Is all suffering karmic? I am thinking just now of the horrible sufferings of the blacks who were brought from Africa in the slave-ships. Could they, in their dim perception of right and wrong, have committed deeds calling for such payment?*

ANSWER.—Moral suffering results from deliberate wrong-doing, but physical suffering—in animals, for instance—is not necessarily an effect of sin. The questioner mentions the poor blacks in the slave-ships, but what of the slaughter-house and the cattle-pen? The problem is to reconcile the fact of this apparently unmerited suffering with one's intuition of the essential justice of all natural law. Perhaps, as a beginning, we might do well to reconsider the usual view that suffering itself is evil. The Greeks had a saying that "suffering is instruction." We soon learn that this is true of moral pain. Why may it not be true as well of the physical suffering of children, savages, and animals? Without constantly renewed pressure from the spirit of life, animals cannot evolve, savages cannot become civilised, children cannot become men. All beings in a state of nature need pressure, because otherwise they would yield themselves wholly to the dominion of Tamas or inertia. Though they are without sin, still they do not suffer without a cause, and this cause would seem to be their recurrent tendency to drop out of the procession and to settle down for an eternity in some oysterish state of existence. S. L.

ANSWER.—All human suffering is karmic, but it should be remembered that there are several kinds of karma—family, tribal, and racial, as well as individual. As for those Africans, did they not habitually treat their enemies and prisoners of war with hideous cruelty and unspeakable torture? C. M. S.

ANSWER.—We are told on high authority, that of Mme. Blavatsky, that all suffering, mental as well as physical, is karmic, that is to say, it is the result of sin in some one or more of our lives, not necessarily the present life. The blacks who suffered so horribly may not have sinned grievously or with full knowledge of what they were doing in their immediate lives. But they had lived many times before, and perhaps in higher states, their present condition being therefore the consequence of sin previously committed against light. Their mental degradation may have been the result of subjective sin in full knowledge of what they were doing; if they had also practised cruelty and inflicted pain upon others, there would have been created a debt of physical karma, the opportunity of expiating which could only be regarded as a merciful dispensation.

S.

QUESTION NO. 286.—*In reading the* Bhagavad Gita *and other Eastern books I find constant mention of the yogi, but seldom encounter the word in the Western Theosophical literature. Just what does it connote; is it the equivalent of saint or chela; if not, what is the difference?*

ANSWER.—To practise Yoga is to seek union with the Divine, and he who thus seeks is called a yogi. A study of the *Bhagavad Gita* and other books shows that there are many paths to yoga and many degrees of attainment. In this sense every disciple, every chela, is following yoga in some degree, whether he knows it by that name or not; every saint has in some measure attained it, and therefore the words yogi, chela, and saint are in a sense interchangeable because to love is to desire union with the Beloved, and to love enough is to attain it. L. S.

ANSWER.—Originally a yogi, strictly speaking, was a devotee who sought freedom from rebirth through practice of the yoga system. In recent times "yogi" has become in India a generic term used to designate any kind of ascetic.

Yoga means union; union of the personal consciousness with the Divine Consciousness, of the soul with the Oversoul. The yogi strove to attain this through control of the psychic nature which in turn depended upon subjugation of his mental and physical natures. So a yogi might be comparatively a beginner or he might be one far along on the path of attainment.

C. M. S.

ANSWER.—When I was asked to write an answer to this question, I was shown those previously given, and with one statement in the first answer I find myself in complete disaccord,—"The words yogi, chela, and saint are in a sense interchangeable." In spite of all that has been said and written on this subject, we have here a serious misunderstanding; but it appears to be difficult for the modern mind to grasp what chelaship really involves. I cannot pretend to elucidate it here, but certain essential differences may be indicated, which may serve as a starting point to that end.

Yoga means union, or union with the divine; but a yogi may be practising Hatha Yoga, Raja Yoga, Jnana Yoga, or any one of many methods of union, possibly with pure and unselfish motive, though more likely for the purpose of escaping from the ills of this life, or of securing a favourable incarnation when reborn, or for the purpose of gaining "powers" in this life. It is said that the large majority of those who popularly would be called yogis in India, are Hatha Yogis; that is to say, they seek to acquire psychic powers by scientific control of the breath, and thus of the chakras, and thus of psychic states of consciousness.

There is clearly an immense difference between such a man, and a saint on the one hand, and a chela on the other. A saint is one who is possessed of superlative goodness, and if he be really a great saint, he will possess the gifts and attributes which goodness unfailingly secures. The chela, in addition to goodness, must possess knowledge, and knowledge of a very high order—knowledge of life, and of the hidden laws of life, knowledge of the soul and its consciousness—above all, knowledge of himself, his higher and his lower nature, and knowledge of the Master to whose service he has given himself, whom he loves to the exclusion of all else, and who has "accepted" him because he is able to serve effectively and intelligently, as one to whom general orders can be given with complete assurance of his understanding, and his ability to work out the details in line with what is desired, and in proper "form." At given points a saint may have far more of goodness than a chela, for the saint's development is along one line, while the chela's development must be along all lines simultaneously. The reward of the saint's goodness will be the further training which will make him into a chela, enabling him to deal with *universals* instead of *particulars*, and to build up in himself that conscious instrument, endowed with all faculty, which replaces personality. The vision of the saint is coloured by time and place and environment. He sees in terms of his personal mind and experience even the glories of Paradise. The chela's vision is not affected by these; he lives in the white light of Eternity, and beholds the Real. CAVÉ.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

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Frequently the magazine office is asked whether back issues of the Theosophical Quarterly can be supplied. Of most numbers there is an adequate stock, from which orders can be filled. A few of the early numbers are scarce, and those, naturally, are sold only to persons who wish a complete set of the volumes and who intend to give them permanency by binding them.

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October, 1915
April, 1916
July, 1916
October, 1916
January, 1917
April, 1917
October, 1917
July, 1918
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April, 1920

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"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

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